

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Fidelity is the sister of justice.
Doubt is hell in the human soul.
A flatterer is the shadow of a fool.
A God all mercy, were a God unjust.
Every man's task is his life preserver.
Make use of time if you love eternity.
Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.
A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.
The more we know, the better we forgive;
Whoever feels deeply feels for all that live.
—De Stael.

Every man is a book if you know how to read him.

The wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.

Man is only miserable so far as he thinks himself so.

A baby in the house is a well-spring of pleasure.

Everything may be endured except continual prosperity.

Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having it.

It is a kind of a good deed to say well, but words are no deeds.

If there be a paradise for virtues there must be a hell for crimes.

A spadeful of performance is worth a ten acre field of promise.

All men would be masters of others, and none is master of himself.

May we govern our passions with absolute sway And grow wiser and better as strength wears away.
—Dr. Pope.

The sufficiency of our merit is to know that our merit is not sufficient.

Poetry is the music of thought conveyed to us in the music of language.

There is no fool equal to the sinner who every moment ventures his soul.

Measure not men by Sundays without regard to what they do all the week after.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites—they are the greatest dupes he has.

The saddest than that can befall a soul is when it loses faith in God and woman.

The call to religion is not to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself.

A word unspoken is a sword in a scabbard; a word uttered is a sword in another's hand.

It makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man be behind it or not.

Count that day as lost
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done.

—Stanford.

A Few Words by the Editor

God made the country, and man made the town; what wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts that can alone make sweet the bitter draught, that life holds out to all, should most abound, and least be threatened in the fields and groves?
—Cowper.

THE passing of Mrs. Wm. McKinley, the wife of our late beloved president, recalls the sad tragedy of her husband's death and the ideal married life, which they lived until the hand of the assassin parted them. Mrs. McKinley was an invalid for more than half of her life. She firmly believed in her husband's destiny, and it was she who encouraged him to go forward to the goal of his ambition—the presidency. His tender solicitude and devotion to her, were well known, and when he departed this life, his distracted widow prayed earnestly for death, so that she might join him beyond the grave. Mrs. McKinley would often say: "He is gone, and life is dark to me now." Her last words were: "Why should I linger, please God, if it is thy will why defer it?"

Ida Saxton McKinley was born in Canton, Ohio, June, 1847. Her father was a banker, and she was reared in a home of comfort and refinement. She taught Sunday-school in the Presbyterian church, and young lawyer William McKinley Jr. was Superintendent of the First Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school. Ida Saxton had many admirers and suitors, but it was the young soldier, who had distinguished himself in the Shenandoah Valley, and who had served with Grant and Sheridan who was the favored one. When her father gave his consent to the marriage, he said these words to her future husband: "You are the only man I have ever known to whom I would care to entrust my daughter." Now both, who were so devoted in life, are sleeping side by side in the McKinley Mausoleum on Monument Hill, Canton, Ohio; their last resting-place is the gift of the nation and is to be dedicated September 30th next. Mrs. McKinley expressed a desire that she might witness its completion. This wish however was not gratified.

The married life of the late President McKinley and his wife was one from which all may learn a lesson. It was an ideal life, and the sickness of the wife only brought out, and accentuated the nobleness of the husband's character. It was "in sickness and in health until death do us part" for them. There were no scandals or clouds to mar the beauty and perfection of this union. In a divorce court such as ours, the married life of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley stands out like a beautiful blossom in a miry morass. The sweetness of their life and the lesson it teaches, should sink deep into the hearts of every true American man and woman, and inspire them to live right and righteously, and to be true to those vows, which only death should dissolve.

The Census Bureau has given us some interesting facts, and probably the most interesting is its latest returns concerning women workers. It appears that the total number of women workers 16 years of age and over in this country in 1900, was 23,485,550. Out of this total, 4,833,630 were employed at some kind of work. Most of the women workers were young; 68.4 per cent. being under 35 years of age; 44.2 per cent. under 25, and 25.6 per cent. under 21; 15.9 per cent. were married, 17.7 per cent. were widows, and 1.3 were divorced. Of the number of divorced women, 55 per cent. were supporting themselves wholly or in part. Of those that work, 1,771,966 were born in the United States, their parents also being natives of this country; 1,090,744 of the women workers born in this country, were the daughters of immigrants; 840,011 white women workers were immigrants; 1,119,621 were negro women; 11,288 Indian and Mongolian women. The number of women that work has more than doubled in the twenty years from 1880 to 1900. It is also noticeable that there was a large increase in the number of the married women acting as bread winners in 1900 over 1890. Out of the 303 occupations of which the Bureau has record, women were represented in all but nine. Five women were employed as pilots; 10 as baggagemen; 31 as brakemen; 7 as conductors; 26 as switchmen; 45 as engineers and firemen; 43 as hack-drivers; 2 as roofers and slaters; 6 as ship carpenters; 508 as machinists; 185 blacksmiths; 8 boilermakers; 31 charcoal, coke and lime burners; 11 well-borers; two women were acting as motormen, or motorwomen as they should more correctly be called. About one fourth of the working women were employed as servants; 456,405 were farm laborers; 96 per cent. of the latter were employed in Southern States, and 361,804 of them were negroes. 338,144 women supported themselves as dressmakers; 327,206 were teachers; 328,935 did laundry work; 307,706 were farmers; 231,458 were mill operatives and textile workers, and 146,929 were housekeepers and stewardesses.

This is a remarkable showing, and may well give food for thought. Men are pretty well satisfied in their own minds about the inferiority of women, but when women stand shoulder to shoulder with men, and do a man's work, and support themselves and those dependent upon them, the inferiority argument falls to the ground. Women have shown their ability to do the work that men do, and they must be able to do it equally as well, or they would not be employed. The most skillful pilot on the Ohio River is a woman. Once there was a line of industrial demarcation between the sexes, but that line now is pretty well worked out. Women have not demanded equal rights with men yet, but that they will ultimately do it is certain. In fact the industrial work which they have undertaken will compel them to do so.

There is one kind of light employment that we can recommend that is very agreeable to women both little and big as well as boys and men—and that is getting subscriptions to COMFORT. You will notice that this is a fine issue to show up and get subscribers with. Surely with so many interesting stories and fine departments at the low price of 15 cents for 16 months everybody ought to take COMFORT this hot weather, so if you cannot get up a club yourself be sure and renew your own subscription and tell your friends about our liberal premium offers to club raisers.

Doctor Chalmers, medical officer of the City of Glasgow, Scotland, has been inquiring into the cause of a severe plague of spotted fever which has been ravaging that city. In his report he declares most emphatically, that there is death in kissing. The doctor particularly

condemns the kissing of infants; this practice he alleges, being the cause of much infant mortality. The doctor is undoubtedly right in his surmises, and your editor trusts that those mothers and women generally who are in the habit of kissing infants upon the lips, immediately cease the practice, a practice exceedingly dangerous to their beloved babes. There are plenty of ways of showing your affection for a child without kissing it upon the lips. A baby is a poor helpless creature, unable to defend itself, and generally its lips when kissed are wide open, and the saliva of the adult goes right into the child's system. Many of those people who kiss babies are consumptives or have various forms of stomach trouble, and thus the germs of disease are conveyed to the helpless babies, whose powers of resistance are slight.

If the infant does not succumb to this adult osculation, it contracts various ailments, which undermine its constitution, and make life a burden to it in after years. Fondly caress and love your baby to your heart's content, kiss its cheek and brow, but for Heaven's sake keep your lips from its mouth.

Your editor wishes to warn adults from profiting their lips to ailing or diseased persons. Far be it from the writer to attempt to inveigh against kissing, when indulged in by healthy youths and maidens, during the period of love's young dream, but remember, microbes are no respecters of persons, and if an individual deposits the germs of disease upon your lips, they will be taken into your system, and as is their habit, they will increase and multiply and at once commence their work of destruction, possibly with fatal results to yourself.

Some people have constitutions that are strong enough to combat and throw off the attacks of disease germs from without and within, but such is not the case with all of us, and even the strongest at times fall ready victims to these insidious foes of humanity. Many a man and woman, suffering from certain forms of disease have scattered death and destruction far and wide through the medium of osculation. Some cases of disease are far more deadly than bullets, and kill more surely.

It is a custom, and a very wise one, in some cities for the health officer to visit all families, where there is a case of tuberculosis. The officer warns the members of these families, that kissing the afflicted consumptive is not only dangerous, but is liable to bring about the death of the person indulging in the practice. The kissing of young people and children by aged persons is also a great mistake, when the lips are the medium of this particular method of expressing affection. Indiscriminate kissing is sure to result in the contracting of some physical trouble, it may not be acute, but it will demonstrate itself in some form or other eventually. We would suggest to all except lovers (who are, of course, prepared to take risks, and the consequences of those risks), to receive a kiss either on the cheek or brow, and by averting the head it is easily possible to avoid being kissed upon the lips, and when form or necessity compels the bestowal of a caress by friend or relative, let that caress be bestowed upon brow or cheek, but never upon the lips.

Your friend,
Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Bath, Maine, celebrated August 5-10 the three hundredth anniversary of the launching of the first ship built in America.

John F. Stevens ex-chief engineer of the Panama canal has been appointed to the office of Vice-president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

An attempt on the life of the President of France was recently made while he was returning to the palace from Longchamps where he had reviewed the garrison of Paris in the presence of 250,000 enthusiastic people.

President Diaz is arranging to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the revolt against Spain which led ultimately to the independence of the republic. The celebration will begin on September 15, 1910.

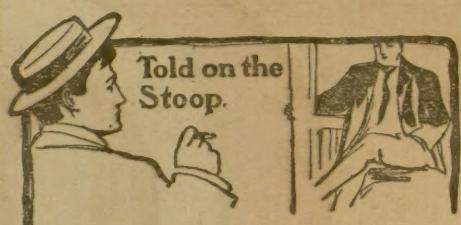
In the death of Angelo Heilpin the world has lost one of its most daring scientific explorers. The investigation of the eruption of Mont Pelee, after the destruction of St. Pierre, Island of Martinique, is among his best remembered achievements. His ancestors for three centuries were famed as Jewish scholars.

A French engineer declares that the result of Peter Cooper Hewitt's recent discovery will enable one to cross the ocean from New York to Liverpool in sixty hours. The rough model 27 feet long has attained a speed of 35 miles an hour and he is satisfied that he can make one 200 feet long that will go 55 miles an hour.

Emperor William is leaving little undone to win American friendship. It is said that he is sending to Harvard and Columbia universities presents of three valuable works. One is a fine copy of the works of Frederick the Great, in 34 volumes; another is a copy of the works of Adolf Menzel, the painter, and the third the book on the uniforms of Frederick the Great's army.

Work on the Campanile at Venice has been resumed after a year and the tower is now eight feet above the plaza of St. Mark. The work has so far cost about \$25,000. The greatest care is being taken to reproduce exactly the famous old bell tower which fell in 1902. Much of the old Campanile is being built into the new and the old angel will again be high on its top and the old bell from Crete hung on the summit.

German copper workers on strike have had a stroke of luck which rarely falls to any body of men in such circumstances. It is reported in Berlin that the banking house of Offenbach received from a person whose name is not to be divulged a check for \$250,000, with instructions that it was to be placed at the disposal of the selected representatives of the copper workers on strike and to be managed for the benefit of the men in their struggle.



Foreign Bodies

If a grain of sand, cinder or any foreign particle gets into the ear lie down and let some one syringe it out with warm water, unless the article is something which swells when wet. Never try to pick it out with a pin or other instrument. If it is not in far hop on one foot and box the other side of the head. If in the eye blink rapidly and refrain from rubbing it, letting the water which nature provides wash it out. This failing you may remove it by probing gently with the corner of a soft linen handkerchief. Lime is very dangerous to the eye and will cause a loss of sight unless quickly removed. Bathe with tepid water and vinegar and get the lime out without a second's delay.

Ostrich Farming

"Usually Americans think of the ostrich as a bird from some far-away desert land," said a man from the Southwest, "but the ostrich is getting to be as American as the turkey is. There are three ostrich farms in California, one each in Arizona, Florida and Kansas, with about 6,000 of the big birds thriving as on their native heath. A full-sized bird is about 10 feet tall and weighs 350 pounds. They are picked every nine months, and the feathers undergo careful treatment before they can be worn on ladies' hats. The ostrich is a model husband. When he is about five years old, he chooses a mate and sticks by her till death does them part. The ostrich is good for eighty years. He makes the nest, helps sit on the eggs, and does most of the work. But he wants to kill the young ones. Forty days are required to hatch an ostrich egg. The shell is so thick, that when the youngster inside makes a noise, the shell must be broken by somebody on the outside of it to let him out."

Concerning Olives

"The average person in the country places," said the grocery drummer, "is not fond of olives. Indeed, olives are a cultivated taste. But they are coming into more general use as the advertisers get their qualities before all kinds of eaters. A Detroit man told me the other day that the grocerymen in that city sold three times as many olives now than they did five years ago, and I suppose the increase, though not quite that large, perhaps, is pretty general over the whole country. Some people may think this increase due to the olive production of California, but it is not so as California olives decay when pickled, and are made into oil instead of pickles. Italian olives are so irregular in size and quality that they also go into oil. That leaves Spain as the olive supply of the world, practically. The U. S. gets most of its Spanish olives from a district within 100 miles of Seville. They are prepared in Spain for table use, stuffed or otherwise, and are shipped to this country in 200 gallon barrels, and here they are bottled for the retail trade. You may not like an olive at first, but the taste grows on you and you can eat them after a while in any quantity because they are easily digestible and very healthy."

The Automobile Business

"There's never happened anything in this country with such a growth as the automobile business," said the man who looked grimy and smelled of gasoline. "Seven or eight years ago an auto was a rare curiosity that was found only in circus parades. Today it is a great business in which hundreds of millions are invested. In 1900 there were only about a hundred cars in this country. In 1906 there were 24,274 cars sold, representing a value of over fifty millions of dollars. The average price of a car in 1903 was \$1,170, and in 1906 it was \$2,087. This is the average of all makes. American cars are much lower priced, the average being \$1,429, while the average price of the foreign car was \$6,710. We imported over 1,300 cars, valued at about five million dollars, to which must be added 45 per cent. of duty, making it over seven millions. At the last auto show in New York City, the cost of the decorations of the show hall were \$75,000, the place was crowded for a week, 124,000 persons being in attendance and it is estimated that cars were sold to the value of ten million dollars. It is the greatest fad in history, but it will be a permanent thing by and by, for the whiz wagon has come to stay."

Caring for Immigrants

"An excellent thing," said the thrifty-looking man, "is the Industrial Removal Office in New York city, which distributes over the country Jewish immigrants, and every religious organization ought to have one, or more like it. The Office has been in existence for six years and during that time it has sent out of New York city 29,413 persons, nearly all, fresh arrivals from Russia. The Office selects the best specimens it can find among the newcomers and sends them to points where there is a demand for them. Some become farmers, many are mechanics and others are traders and plain laborers. To show how much better it is for them to get out of the big city and into the smaller places I will cite a few instances. Men sent to Toledo are receiving from \$16 to \$18 a week, and to Omaha from \$15 to \$25 a week. Six men sent to Columbus, O., have \$900 in bank; of nine sent to Nashville, Tenn., three now own their own stores; two carpenters sent to Minneapolis, have \$1,500 in bank, and one shoemaker has his own house; 29 sent to Rochester, N. Y., have money and property valued at \$8,000. Of the 200 sent to South Bend, Ind., mostly on farms, all are at work, and satisfied and are saving money. None of them had employment in New York, and none of them had any money to speak of. They could work and were willing to, which explains their success. It is estimated that the yearly earnings of the immigrants distributed over the country by the Office are in the neighborhood of eight million dollars. There is plenty of room and opportunity for the industrious and thrifty in every state and the authorities

A SPECKLED BIRD

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CHAPTER I.

REMORSE WILL DRIVE YOU TO DESPAIR.

"**G**RANDMA, who named me Egiah?"

"My cousin, Bishop Vivian, when he baptized you."

"Do you think he had any right to put such a label on me?"

"Certainly, because your father selected your name, and the bishop had no choice."

"It is so ugly, I never can like it, and a little baby that can't speak her mind ought not to be tied to something she must drag all her life and hate forever and ever."

"Eat your breakfast, and try to be a good, quiet child, then your name will not trouble you so much."

"I never shall like it, any more than you do, and you know, grandma, when you call me your mouth twists like you had toothache."

"I was not consulted about your name. It belonged to your New England Grandmother Kent, and as it appears you belong only to your father, you were called after his mother. I heard him tell you it was the name of a queen—one of David's wives."

"Yes, but I found out she was not the head queen—just a sort of step-wife queen. Now if I could only be the pet queen, Sheba, I should not fret at all."

"The Queen of Sheba was not David's wife."

"You are all wrong about your Bible, grandma, because you are only a Methodist. David's Sheba was nicknamed Bath Sheba, for the reason that he saw her going to her bath-house, and she looked so pretty. I saw her picture in father's 'Piscopal Bible.'

"There, there! Be quiet. Drink your milk."

Mrs. Maurice leaned back in her chair and sighed as she looked down at the fragile child beside her. The tall, silver coffee urn showed in repose on one side the flight of Europa, on the other Dirce dragged to death. Egiah could never understand how the strands of the victim's hair supported the weight of her form, and wondered why they did not give way and set the prisoner free. Today she eyed it askance, then surveyed her own fair image reflected in the polished, smooth surface below the band of figures.

"Grandma, don't you think horses are much nicer for ladies to ride than oxen?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Then why did you buy ox riders?" one small finger pointed to the heirloom fetch.

"I did not buy the urn. It has belonged to your grandfather Maurice's family for one hundred and fifty years, and was brought from Old England. Eliza, take her away. If she cannot be silent, see must go back and have her meals with you. It seems impossible to teach her that in the presence of grown people children are expected to listen."

Mrs. Mitchell came forward from a side table, lifted the little girl from her chair, and untied the ruffled bib that protected her white dimity dress.

"Now tell grandmother you are sorry you annoyed her, and if she will let you sit at her table you will be as quiet as she wishes."

"Ma-Lila, don't make me tell stories; she doesn't believe them, and I am so tired saying things I don't mean. I want to go back to the side table, where you are not always scolding me. Grandma, it will be peaceful if I stay with Ma-Lila—"

"Hush! Come here."

Mrs. Maurice lifted the little one's dimpled chin and studied the fair face that had bloomed seven years in her lonely home: a winsome face cut like a gem, velvety-brown eyes, long-lashed, and the pure, pale oval set in a shining bronze frame of curling hair, all chestnut in shade, braided with gold when sunshine hid among the ripples.

"Kent! Kent—even her ears small as any other rogue's. She is her father's child."

"Is that a sin, grandma?"

Mrs. Maurice swiftly laid her hand over the uplifted, upbraiding eyes, to veil something in their depths that often disquieted her, and sought refuge in her habitual command:

"Take her away, Eliza."

Ringing the small bell close to the breakfast tray, the mistress took a spray of starry jasmine from the vase in the center of the table, and as she turned away said to the gray-haired butler:

"Aaron, you will put a plate and chair for Miss Egiah at the side table until further orders. Tell Oliver I shall not want the carriage until four o'clock."

Unusually tall and very handsome was this stately widow of a Confederate general who had been slain during one of the fierce conflicts around beleaguered Richmond. No white hairs marred the glossy blackness of the thick coil half hidden under a snowy crepe cap, and the brilliant blue eyes were undimmed by tearful years of widowhood—a widowhood involving for her the full, sad significance of the sacred and melancholy term, an inability to forget, a despair of any earthly consolation, and a jealous reticence that denied all discussion of her sorrow, as she would have defended her dead from an alien's rude touch. To her, time had brought neither oblivion nor alleviation, only a sharpened sense of irreparable bereavement; and as one standing in an unending and hopeless eclipse, she accepted the gloom with a stern and silent rejection of all other lights when the sun of her life went down.

Anniversaries are electric batteries that thrill the domain of emotions, and one day out of every three hundred and sixty-five the strings of memory are keyed to their utmost tension, vibrating with an intolerable intensity that reddens the lips of old wounds and quickens dull aches to stinging torture.

This memorial morning Mrs. Maurice crossed the wide, vaulted hall, and passing through the long, pillared drawing-room, opened a locked door and shut herself in a darkened chamber to keep tryst with the silent reliquary filled with mementos jealously guarded "in solemn salvatory"; a heavy, square bedstead with twisted columns that upheld a red-lined tester whence embroidered draperies fell; a gilded swinging wicker crib,

with baby blankets, rose bordered; a velvet easy-chair, where a gentleman's quilted silk dressing-gown hung over the carved back, and his slippers lay beneath; a table heaped with a child's toys, books and daguerreotypes of various sizes. On a leather couch lay a folded Confederate uniform, and a man's straw hat, cane, spurs, and riding whip had been placed beside the faded gray coat. Over the old-fashioned, high marble mantel hung a portrait of General Egbert Maurice, clad in uniform, wearing three stars and a wreath on his collar, and holding his plumed hat in his right hand. At one corner of the mantel a furled Confederate flag leaned until it touched the frame of the picture, and from the marble shelf, where lay the general's sash and sword, hung the stained and torn guidon of his favorite regiment. On the wall opposite the fireplace the portrait of a lovely girl with an apron full of roses seemed to fill the room with radiance and color.

With a slow, caressing movement, Mrs. Maurice's slim white hand passed over the front of the smoking-gown, and fastened in a button hole the spray of fragrant, satin-starred jasmine; then, lifting the faded gray coat, she held it to her heart in a tight, straining clasp, as she seated herself on the couch, and her fingers lingered on tarnished gilt buttons and braid. Inside the uniform was pinned a parcel wrapped in tissue paper, from which she took out a mass of yellowed lace, and as the silvery folds of an infant's christening robe swept across her lap, a subtle perfume of withered flowers like the breath of a rose jar stole over the room.

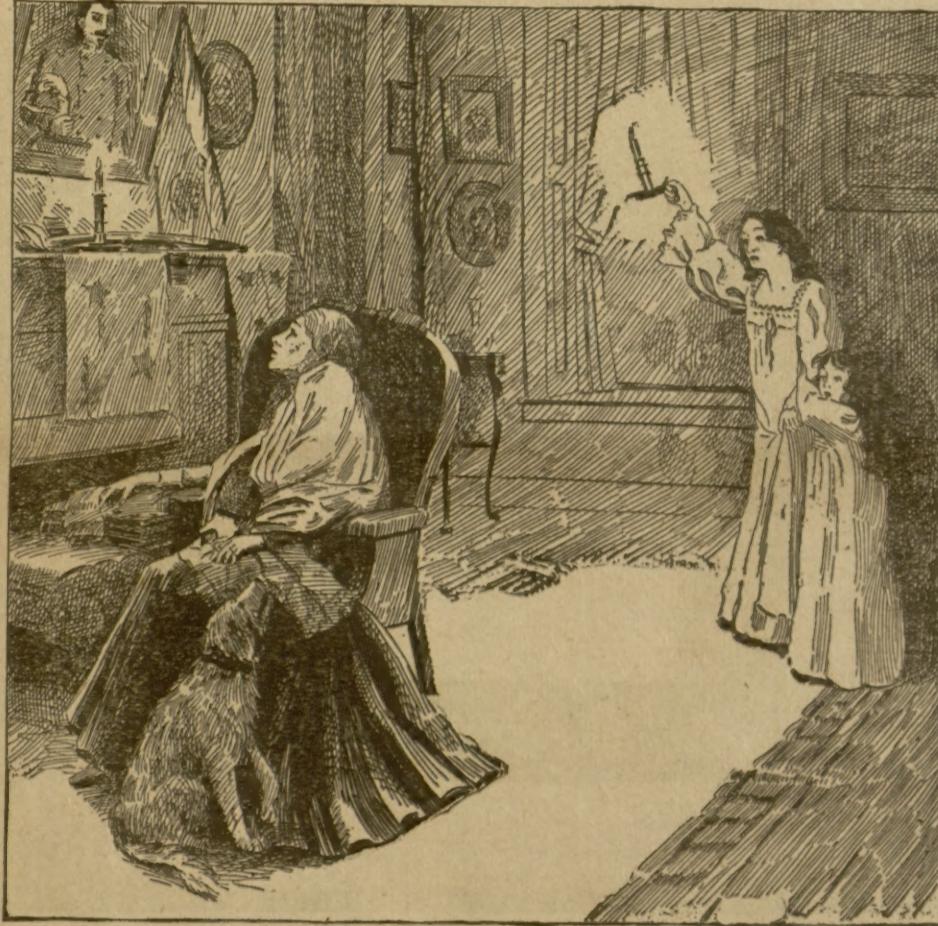
With dry eyes she looked long at one portrait, then at the other; the husband of her youth and the only child that had come as crowning blessing to a happy married life where no dissensions muttered, no discordant

bulwark that defied successfully the numerous assaults of "loyal confiscators."

Mrs. Maurice's maternal pride was built on the shifting sands of girlish impulsive and flat-headed vanity, and the crash showed her that somewhere at the cross roads she had failed to offer a black lamb in propitiating evil divinities—had left no morsel of meat for the sleuth-hounds of baleful destiny that suddenly paled destruction to the last earthly hope life held for her. Reared in the semi-claustrophobic seclusion of a Southern girl's education in antebellum days, trained at home by governesses, and barred from society until she should have made the European tour for which her mother had fixed an early date, predestined Marcia went to her doom when at the house of a friend she met accidentally the recently appointed Federal judge, Allison Kent—handsome, courteous, debonair, and wily.

Clandestine courtships rarely lag; hence this lover of forty years, dreading discovery and the prompt removal of an infatuated girl only seventeen on her last birthday, kept the mother in complete ignorance of impending calamity until the night before her departure for Europe, when Marcia fled with him to an adjoining State, where a justice of the peace made them man and wife.

In accordance with life-long custom, Mrs. Maurice went to her child's bedroom to kiss her good night, and on the pillow found a farewell note, praying for forgiveness, and promising to meet her at a town on the line of her journey. How the mother bore this shock only God knew; no eye but His watched during that long night, when her soul went down into a Gehenna of torture—when, alone in her crucifixion, she accepted defeat, and girded herself for grim endurance. As day dawned she unlocked her door, and summoning her servants said:



SHE HAD LAID ONE HAND ON THE CONFEDERATE UNIFORM FOLDED ON THE COUCH
BEHIND HER CHAIR.

clash jarred the perfect harmony. As the dead years babbled, she listened now to echoes of many tones, and now to a baby's prattling lisp, still dividing as of yore her heart's home. When war robbed her of the husband who had never ceased to be tender lover, her only hold on life centered in their beautiful daughter Marcia, and the struggle to guard her and defend from confiscation and ruin the fine landed estate and large fortune left by General Maurice had served, in some degree, to lessen the tendency to morbid brooding.

To the truly typical Southern woman who survived the loss of family idols and of her country's freedom, for which she had surrendered them, "reconstruction" political and social, was no more possible than the physical resurrection and return of slain thousands lying in Confederate graves all over the trampled and ruined South.

No mourning Southern matron indulged more intensely an inexorable, passionate hatred of Northern invaders than did Mrs. Maurice, who refused to accept the inevitable, and shut her doors against agents of "union and reconstruction" as promptly as she would have barred out leprosy or smallpox.

Proud of the social prestige with which her Brahmin birth and stainless family record had dowered her, she wielded her influence in uncompromising hostility to all who advocated a tacit acceptance of the new conditions called "peace." The loss of negroes that abandoned several plantations would have materially impaired the Maurice fortune, had not the vision of the general's commission merchant in a distant seaport induced the precautionary course of sending a portion of his crop of cotton to Liverpool early in the first year of the war, thus securing a large amount of treasure under the British flag, where (as the cotton factor wrote Mrs. Maurice a few years later) "Union" thieves could not steal, nor "reconstruction" moths and rust feed upon it." Out of the wreckage that succeeded the final catastrophe at Appomattox the family fortune of General Maurice emerged triumphant in proportions, and the minority of Marcia was a

long called her home. Loving Marcia very warmly, she had attempted to intercede with the indignant mother, and one of her letters had enclosed an appeal from the erring daughter.

It was returned unopened, and accompanied by very positive assurance that any future repetition would not be forgiven. Old friends gathered to greet the returned traveler, yet all intuitively avoided allusion to the domestic cancer that, despite her proud, silent composure, was eating the heart barred against sympathy. She learned from the newspapers that under the new Federal regime Judge Kent was temporarily Senator, and that after a season in Washington he and Marcia were living at a hotel in her own neighboring city; but as the latter had followed her husband into the Episcopal Church, no meeting occurred between parent and child. So complete was the estrangement, and so unapproachable the stern, silent attitude of the mother, that when Dr. Eggleston, the family physician, and Bishop Vivian, the favorite cousin, called early one morning on an urgent errand, both realized that they championed a forlorn and desperate cause in battling with this old lioness robbed of her young.

Instinctively she divined their mission as her eyes fell upon a letter lying on the bishop's knee, and her lips narrowed and tightened. Standing on the hearth with her arms folded, she listened quietly to her cousin's impassioned pleading for forgiveness and to the doctor's distressing presentation of Marcia's alarming condition, which he felt constrained to pronounce hopeless.

"Madam, if you deny her dying prayer, remorse will drive you to despair."

"She has been dead to me since the hour she deliberately deceived and forsook me. Kent's wife ceased to be my child when she insulted, disgraced, her father's name."

"Oh, Patricia, how can you hope or claim God's mercy for yourself if you refuse pardon to your repentant and unhappy daughter?"

A spark leaped into the cold clear eyes.

"For mercy I think I shall never need to plead, and when my God grants me justice I will try to be satisfied."

"Will you not at least read the few lines the poor child wrote while we held her hand and guided the pen? Oh, cousin, if you could see her now!" The bishop held out the letter.

"Because you are the bearer I cannot refuse you the courtesy."

She walked to the window and, holding the curtain aside, read the brief petition:

"MY OWN MOTHER:

"Let me come home to die. It will not be so hard if I can look into your face once more, and know that your dear hand will close my eyes as I go down into my grave. I shall see father soon, and if he could come now to my help, you know he would take me in his arms and lay me in my mother's lap. Be merciful to your poor, dying daughter."

Leaning eagerly forward, the two gray-haired men watched and listened for some relenting token; but after a few moments she turned toward a desk, and with no change in the frozen calm of her handsome face, she merely traced a word at the bottom of the page, handed it to the bishop, and left the room. "Come."

That night a cold waxen image of a boy whose soul refused to enter its clay tabernacle was laid for a moment in Eliza Mitchell's arms, to be kissed as only young mothers can kiss their dead first-born. The following day the hospital ambulance brought back on a stretcher the wan form of the erring daughter, who fainted from exhaustion as the bearers carried her into the home of her fathers. Three days later she died in her mother's arms, whispering with icy lips: "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake—for my sake."

So little Egiah Kent was given, when three hours old, to the care of the young foster-mother Eliza, and slept upon the heart that mourned for the lost baby boy. Since then seven years had passed, and today, as Mrs. Maurice caressed Marcia's lace christening robe, she put aside all that pertained to the girl's disobedience and elopement, and memory dwelt only upon the sunny time when her husband and daughter made home a heaven. Into the quiet room crept the whine of a dog scratching at the door. As she opened it, a feeble brown creature crossed the floor, crouched before the hearth, and, raising soft, tender eyes to the portrait of the general, barked once and beat the carpet with his tail, as if in salute; her husband's favorite pointer Hector, failing fast, but loyal and true as the heart of his widow.

CHAPTER II.

"IT IS LIKE HAVING TWO GODS."

Sharing in some degree that infallible instinct whereby lower animals interpret the character of their owners, young children are often as wise and wary as dogs and cats, and before Egiah could walk without clinging to Eliza's finger, she knew intuitively that her silent, watchful grandmother eyed her suspiciously, and that warm caresses could be expected only from her father and her young foster-mother. Profound and regretful compassion rather than tenderness filled Mrs. Maurice's heart, and she faithfully ministered to the infant's needs, as she would have pityingly warmed and fed some bleating lamb bereft of its dam by March snows. Since the little girl showed, except in form, no faintest trace of Maurice blood, her grandmother regarded her most sorrowfully—not as Marcia's baby, but as the living monument of a cruel and unpardonable injury inflicted by Judge Kent. Even in the cradle Egiah defied an authority supreme in the household.

"You must not say Lila, but Mama-Eliza." Eliza. I will say Ma-Lila."

The child's inherent antagonism made her a vexing embodiment of protest, an obstinate interrogating point punctuating the commands of this old-fashioned lady whose domestic canons belonged to an era when boys and girls were not considered "servile" because trained to answer their elders "No, sir," or "Yes, ma'am," and when after a meal in the sunset glow young human broods followed feathered folk to an early rest before stars spangled the sky. If among General Maurice's choice collection of thoroughbred game fowls with yellow legs and bronze breasts, had appeared an uncouth mongrel pullet, dust-colored and blue of skin, his exacting widow would not have rejected it more summarily than did her proud soul repudiate the Kent scion whom she housed luxuriously because of Marcia's last prayer, but felt no more desire to caress him than to fondle the bullet that slew her husband.

Judge Kent's official duties called him often from the city, and during his visits to his child Mrs. Maurice, if compelled to see him, main-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. pur; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

THIS month we give our readers a few of the many novel and useful articles which came in response to our prize offer.

Although it is rather early to think of Christmas you will find some of the things useful and attractive to make up ahead for little presents for the holidays.

In this contest considerable originality was displayed and cleverly worked out. An extremely neat and nicely made article was the

Barrel-shaped Hat-pin Holder

sent in by Miss Ivy Chew.

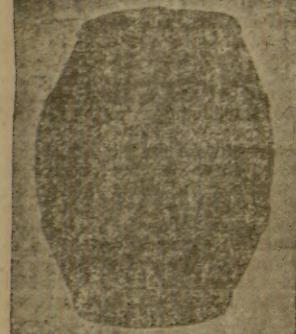
This can be made of cardboard covered with silk or any smooth, firm material, and consists of seventeen pieces.

For the bottom cut a circle of cardboard two inches in diameter; from the silk cut two circles, one exactly the size of the cardboard one, the other considerably larger. With the larger circle cover the cardboard smoothly on the outside, drawing the extra fullness in little plait on the inside and securely baste; then stitch the smaller circle on the inside as a lining, first pinning it around to fit, and turning in the raw edges as you stitch.

For the staves cut sixteen pieces of cardboard four and one half inches long, five eighths of an inch wide at the middle and sloping to three eighths of an inch wide at both ends. Cover these with material, cut and stitched the same way as the bottom was covered. When all are neatly covered commence to sew the staves together by overseaming the edges on the wrong side. As you finish sewing each stave to the others, turn it, so the bulge will always be on the outside. Of course when they are all joined it will be found necessary to sew the last to the first on the outside or right side, this makes the barrel round.

Now sew the bottom on by neatly overseaming it to one end of the joined staves.

For the hoops cut four strips of the material, on the bias, one half of an inch wide and a trifle more than six inches long; fold



BARREL HAT-PIN HOLDER.

each strip twice, so that the raw edges just meet together, catch-stitch the edges smoothly together so you will have a flat hoop one quarter of an inch wide. Carefully blind-stitch one at the top of the barrel, one at the bottom and the other two at equal distances apart around the middle.

Now the barrel is completed fill it partly with emery or very clean dry sand. This will form a ballast so the heavy-headed hat-pins won't upset it; also preserving their points from rust and blunting.

These barrels can be made of very small scraps of material, in fact from pieces too small to be utilized for anything else, and any old discarded pasteboard box may be used for the foundation. They are attractive made of any color, but of course look more realistic made of light-brown or natural wood color. Nearly everyone has some scraps of linings that would make one. Sew them with strong silk or thread that exactly matches the shade of the material used. They will be found more convenient and durable to use than the glass tubes that were so popular last Christmas.

Easter Lily Match Holder

This little article certainly is unique, attractive and useful.

The lily is formed of what is commonly known as the fiber sponge, or perhaps to some as the dish rag plant, as that is what Mrs. McLain calls it.

Take one of these pods and divide the end into four sections, each of which should be neatly covered with white satin.

From the other end of the pod run a wire to form the stems, to which are attached leaves cut from oilcloth, canvas, or any rather heavy material, wired and then painted a dark green. When finished the realistic appearance is enhanced by placing the matches in the center of the lily. It was sent in by

MRS. BELLE M. McLAIN.

Patchwork Sofa Pillow Cover

The cover shown in the center of this page, illustrates a new way in which small pieces can be utilized and made up into a pleasing pattern.

First select and draw the figure on a piece of white cotton material, then cut from colored



EASTER LILY MATCH HOLDER.

goods the body of the figure, turn in all the edges and baste in place, do the sleeves in the same way. Now outline all edges, the girdle and front of the waist. Then outline the features and hands with light pink or white silk, and back stitch the hair with black silk, and work, or draw in the eye with ink.

In the pillow submitted, the dress was of pink outlined down with white, face and hands worked as described, and the necklace outlined in yellow silk. This was the center square of white which was surrounded by black strips three and one half inches wide, finished in each corner with crocheted rosettes. The pillow is finished with a ruffle of hemmed lawn.

Paper-napkin Ribbon Box

Fancy boxes for the dressing-case are acceptable gifts, and if made like the illustration cost but a trifle. A square box, containing a handkerchief, or a long one containing a col-



RIBBON BOX.

lar, ribbon or necktie, is appreciated by both old and young.

Use common pasteboard for the foundation and make any size or shape desired. The dimensions of the one illustrated are: Sides, twelve by two and one half inches, ends, two

Now take a strip of silkline about an inch wide and long enough to reach around the box. Fold this lengthwise, gather and sew the



GOOD LUCK QUILT BLOCK.

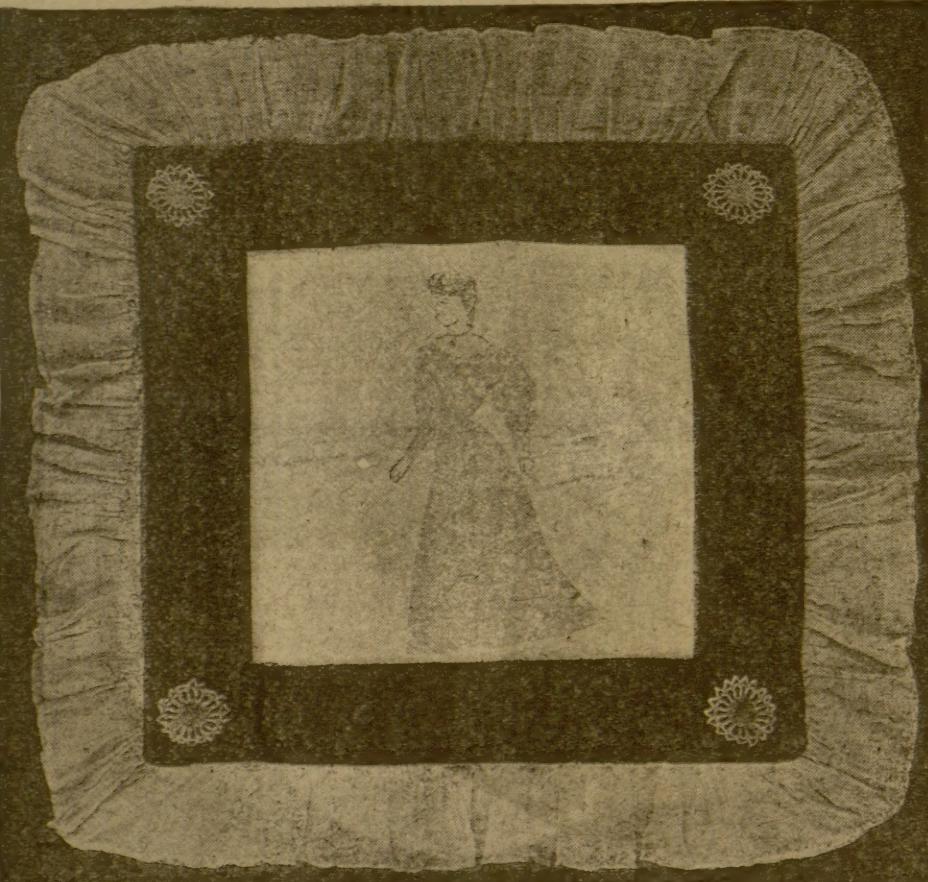
On a square of white applique work a horse-shoe of gray, with white silk, outlining the nails with the same as illustrated.

Cut the clover leaves from green and use the same shade in applique, outline the stems of the leaves. Make up the quilt by having alternate blocks of plain green.

MISS HILDA GROSS.

upper edge of the silkline lining on to it, leaving an inch for an edging. The lining is now ready to place in the box. Put some paste on the upper inner edge of the box and press the lining gently against it.

Baste a plain or gathered lining on the inside of the lid, set in place and sew to the box with strong thread. Sew near each end and in the middle. Sew some bows of ribbons over the thread, fasten a bow on the front edge of the



PATCHWORK SOFA PILLOW COVER.

Sent in by Mrs. Lee Christian.

and one half by four and one half inches, top and bottom twelve by four and one half inches.

Cut these pieces out of any firm pasteboard and begin by sewing the sides and ends together, sewing over and over. Now sew the bottom on. Take a strip of muslin about an inch in width and paste directly over the seams where the edges are joined. This covers the stitches and strengthens the box. Take a piece of white paper and paste on the sides and ends of the box, which will cover all marks.

The box shown is made of crepe paper napkins which cost five cents a dozen. In selecting the napkins choose those having small or medium-sized flowers on them, in order to have a spray of flowers all around the box. Now cut a napkin so it will be an inch larger all around than the sides of the box. Cut two like this and two for the ends.

Right here, a word in regard to the paste. I obtain the best results by adding a little cold water to corn starch and then pour on boiling water until the starch is cooked. Don't put the paste on the napkins as they tear and stain if they get very damp. Put the paste thinly but evenly on the foundation, one side at a time and cover with the cut napkin. This completes the sides and ends. Now fix the lid of the box in the same manner arranging the design to suit the maker. Lay away and when dry, paste a piece of white paper on the outside bottom of the box.

I use silkline as a lining, as it is cheap, soft and pretty. One half yard will make a full lining and some to spare. Cut a piece of thin pasteboard half an inch smaller (on both side and end) than the bottom of the box. Cover this on one side with a piece of cotton wadding which has been sprinkled with sachet powder. Over the wadding put a piece of silkline.

Take a piece of silkline twice the length and width of your box and an inch wider than the height of the box. Gather one edge of this and sew around the silkline covered pasteboard.

lid and the box is finished, and ready for the fortunate receiver. MRS. ERNEST E. DAYTON.

Pink and White Gingham Sofa Pillow

(See illustration on opposite page.)

The materials required are one half yard of gingham pink and white, with one half inch checks, five spools of sansilk or any silk-finished cotton, one spool of green, white, pink, yellow and one of black.

Cut out a square of the gingham with thirty-five checks each way; leave one all around for the seam, commence in the corner of the second row and cross-stitch across first, a cross-stitch then a star (to make the star make cross them put a stitch across the center both ways), then skip three checks, cross-stitch across again, skip three more stitches across again, now make the cross-stitch between these three rows leaving a space of nine checks each to fill in, cross-stitch all four sides alike, leaving a square in the center of pillow fifteen checks each way; when all are cross-stitched

the box is finished.

ALL-OVER DRAWNWORK DESIGN.

space each way; this will give one square of an inch and one half. Proceed by knotting the threads each way into two equal groups, then cross the squares diagonally and fill in the center of each with a good-sized wheel.

Crocheted Belt

Material used, silk or silkateen and inch-wide satin ribbon.

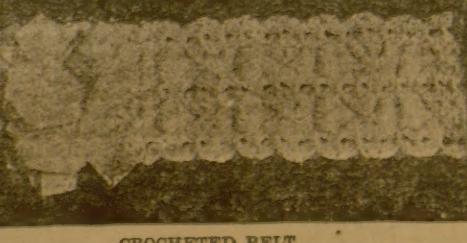
Double crochet, thread over once. Chain thirteen, turn.

1st row.—Shell (3 d. c., 1 ch., 3 d. c.,) in fourth stitch from hook, ch. 3, shell in eighth stitch, ch. 3, shell in last stitch, ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—Shell in shell, ch. 1, 1 s. c. over 3 ch. in center between shells, taking up middle of foundation chain; shell in shell, ch. 1, 1 o., 3 ch. between shells, shell in shell, ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, turn. Repeat from first row.



CROCHETED BELT.

there will be forty-eight spaces of nine checks each; now fill in the spaces with spiders, spiders' webs, butterflies, and fans. Do the cross-stitching in green.

Make the fans of pink taking a long needleful up through the corner, cross over to the opposite corner, put the needle down through the corner under a check up through, cross to

**Points to Remember**

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A frequent contributor sends these suggestions:

Living upon a ranch, as I do, with a lot of men to cook for, the flour sacks accumulate until I have a big box full, then I spend a week in making them up into useful articles. I make tea-towels, kitchen aprons and pillow slips for the men's beds and last spring I made six pillow slips with four-inch ruffles all around them. I got a package each of pink, Turkey-red and yellow diamond dyes for cotton and dyed two of the slips with each color. I use them upon the three pillows on the couch in the living-room, and wash one set each week. They are cheerful looking, inexpensive and clean.

When my light cotton dresses and shirt-waists get faded out (as they will in time, for the water is so hard that I have to use lye), I dye them with fast dyes for cotton and have new garments.

Do you all know that a mitten made of velvet or a small cushion of the same with a strap to slip the hand through is the best thing to clean dust from your silk skirts? Just try it once and you will never again use a whisk broom or a brush.

Instead of putting a paper bag over your lamp chimneys to keep out the dust, make a covering of crepe paper that will fit the chimney and where the paper is drawn up at the top pull it out to form a ruffle and fasten a tiny bunch of paper flowers in the center.

MRS. H. L. MILLER, Glendive, Montana.

Mrs. Hulin writes of Hartstine Island: This is one of the finest places which is still thinly settled, the climate is ideal, very healthy, a good place for poultry or crops. Here the grass is green all the year around, the sky blue and life one long sweet song. We live close to the water and have a gasoline launch which we enjoy greatly. I am from Maine, but have been here twenty years and was the first white woman on the island.

I should be pleased to hear from COMFORT readers and will gladly give information relative to this locality.

MRS. H. O. HULIN, Olympia, Wash.

The price of a year's subscription (15c.) now pays up to December, 1908.

Poultry raisers may find the following of value:

To rid hen nests of mites sprinkle tobacco into them, the stronger the better.

To rid a setting hen of mites pour boiling water over a couple of handfuls of tobacco and add a few drops of carbolic acid and wash the hens where the mites seem to be the thickest.

For any kind of bowel trouble in chickens try a few drops of castor-oil and turpentine mixed; this is an experiment of my own which proved a success. MRS. JULIA MUSGROVE, Bussey, Ia.

Mrs. L. Black, Keweenaw, R. F. D., 5 Ill., writes that she would be glad to have one of the poor tired teachers, of whom J. A. D. speaks, come to her for a few weeks, for a rest. This is a generous offer and one which, without doubt, some girl will be glad to accept. Write direct to Mrs. Black for particulars.

A kind sympathetic sister sends the following:

I have just read the names of some who have rheumatism. To these I advise trying the following recipes. As there are so many different kinds of rheumatism, one wants to keep on trying until one finds something to suit the case.

Mrs. Almera Hoskins, Augustus, Kans. If I lived near, I would run in to see you, as you are so lonely. Read your Bible and trust in the Lord.

Two Tested Remedies for Rheumatism

No. 1 is two ounces of Oil of Sassafras put in a pint bottle and filled up with the best alcohol. Bathe often—also take three drops on lump of loaf sugar after each meal.

No. 2. Take a quart bottle and put in it Oil of Anise, one half ounce; Oil of Oganum, two ounces; Chloroform, one ounce; Sulphuric Ether, one ounce; Oil of Sassafras, one half ounce; Oil of Hemlock, one half ounce; Oil of Wintergreen, one half ounce; Spirits of Turpentine, one half ounce; Aqua Ammonia, one half ounce; fill up with best alcohol. Apply often.

MRS. H. E. DECOURTIER, Diamond, R. F. D., 1, Mo.

Read opening chapters of new stories and our subscription announcement in this issue.

Our next is from Mississippi and comes from another motherless one:

My mother has been dead about a year. How little we appreciate our mothers until they are gone. Then it is that we realize that we each can have only one mother.

I keep house for my father and brothers as well as my husband. My brother is a shut-in. He has not walked for four years, but goes in a rolling chair.

Mrs. West. I am not an advocate of early marriages, either, though I married at nineteen,

two years ago and think I have the best husband in the world and the sweetest baby ten months old.

I love fancy work and flowers, but our yard is so full of cedars and grape myrtle that nothing else will grow, so I am trying to get a collection of pot plants. I would be pleased to receive slips of anything and will return favors.

MRS. R. E. MOONEY, R. F. D., No. 3, Lexington, Miss.

An Illinois sister writes as follows:

I have decided to make myself known in this corner, as I can be a silent reader no longer.

My father was a Methodist minister and well known in Mo., Tenn. and Ill. He died when I was eight years old and I have only a vague memory of him. Mother lived for twenty years after father died, and then passed away very suddenly one Easter morning, from paralysis. Easter is always a sad occasion for me, and more than once I have spent the day in tears and sadness.

I have a dear baby boy fifteen months old, who takes away some of the sad thoughts from my mind. He is the light and joy of my heart. I am sure you will all agree with me that no home is complete without a baby.

MRS. NANNIE WILSON, Patoka, Ill.

New stories, "A Speckled Bird," and "Only a Girl; or, From Rags to Riches," begin in this issue. Don't miss them.

Maggie Winkler, Morgantown, R. F. D., 3, Ind., writes an interesting letter from which we print the following:

The paper is not only COMFORT in name; someone was wise in choosing it, for surely it has been a comfort to many. I agree with Prudence Morast that a verse at the head of our corner would be helpful—for instance:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

For sometime I have allowed myself to worry and fret, but I've turned over a new leaf for the remainder of this year. I'm trying to keep this in mind, this thought,

"If we trust, we do not worry,
If we worry we do not trust."

Now, sisters, isn't this true?

What a great responsibility we mothers have in trying to bring up our children in the true way. We should be so careful to teach them that though they may do and say evil things, unknown to us, there's one who sees all things. And we cannot begin too early.

My dear mother died when I was but ten years old, but those sweet precious lessons she taught me, I cherish them in my memory still!

really don't belong. Those who have never been to New York City, have missed a great deal, it being called the greatest city on earth. Although New Yorkers call their city "the only town on earth," yet in the summer, they can be seen, one by one sneaking off to some country spot and glad to get away from "the only town." It is also called the wickedest city. Yet when the needy call, they are answered, as we must not forget that our Helen Gould lives here, and many others similar.

In the house where we moved I found a copy of "COMFORT," I sent for another one and received one of Nov. '06. I was very much surprised at its price on account of its reading matter. I take a few of New York's best magazines and I know that "COMFORT" can compete with them any time although it costs one third the price they do. One thing, it goes ahead of them in this way. When turning over the pages, I intended to dodge the "cooking recipe page," but to my surprise there was none. Only a few recipes I did find, which were no doubt true and tried by their owners. Something else I found very good in "COMFORT." Among the sisters' letters, they tell how to do fancy work, give good ideas about the house, also good medical remedies. The few I have tried are excellent. Mrs. Burris' hair remedy given in Nov. '06 is surely first class, and used in the South where women are noted for their beautiful hair.

"Here is one of my ideas; which though it isn't great, at times proves useful. I get blank books, into which I paste different remedies I find in the newspapers, etc. One book is called the "House Doctor," another "Household Ideas," "The Cook," and another "Lace." My lace book is made of cloth and crocheted lace samples are sewed in. I have also an account-book. I will try to remember the 'shut-ins' with books, letters and other things if possible. From a soon-to-be-bride.

MARY KELLY, 21 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A bigger COMFORT and more stories than ever, this winter. Subscribe now while our big offer is in force.

A good mother sends a most interesting letter which space allows us to give in part only:

"Mrs. Wm. L. Brown, says that she is poor, but they all have their health. We are poor too; my health is not good. A year ago last June I underwent a big operation, which cost much. Health surely is one of, if not the greatest blessing, in the world.

"I have one dear little boy, three years old, he is good and obeys everything I say.

"Miss Estella Freeland. I agree with you about having patience with the dear little folks. I am at times so nervous, that I fall into a

Mrs. Sollis. You must have a lovely home. We too, think the Morning Glory vine is the prettiest.

Will the one who sent in the "Autumn Leaf" quilt block please write me? I wish you all a successful and pleasant season.

GEORGIA BISSELL, Shushan, N. Y.

It is COMFORT that sets the pace; in COMFORT are all the good things FIRST. Our latest offering is a subscription until December, 1908, for 15 cents.

Anna Broszelt, 1108 Avery Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., wishes to apologize to those who did not receive seeds. Her supply gave out, the letters arrived so fast.

A grateful sister writes to thank all who remembered her in any way, and sends this information in regard to Montana, as so many asked about the climate, etc:

"Many people think Montana is very cold, but we do not find it any colder than New York State. In the winter snow is not deep where we are; we have good sleighing up in the mountains, but down in the Ruby Valley they scarcely ever have more than two inches of snow; last winter was an exception, and they had to feed their stock about two months. In the summer the sun shines nearly all the time. It's lovely in the shade, and the nights are always cool. The air is dry and light and has been the means of restoring my health, which was poor. When I came here I could not walk across the street alone, but not more than two weeks after I came, I could walk to the top of the foot hills; and two years later I weighed more than I ever did in my life.

"When we first came in sight of the Rockies, I thought it the most barren looking country I ever beheld; the gray sage brush and great gray mountains were some different from New York State with its green fields and trees and streams. But it was a change and became interesting the farther West we came. Some of the mountains were covered with evergreen trees, and where the land was irrigated it was a beautiful green, and it really was a great contrast to the gray sage brush, but of all lonesome looking places was the county seat of Madison Co., Virginia City. We would never call such a place a city in New York State. The entrance was called Chinatown; they had a place of worship and held their Chinese New Year's in Feb. There were two Chinese women among them; one was born and educated here in the public schools and was sent back as an interpreter to their people. It's a quaint old mining town known as The Famous Alder Gulch all over the world, for its wealth of gold and the many crimes committed in the sixties. There are a few good buildings, such as a High School, two churches, Courthouse, City Hall, one butcher shop, Masonic Hall, and one or two very good stores, and a few well built dwellings, plenty of saloons and poor accommodations for travelers. The nearest station is Alder, ten miles from there. We left Virginia City the 20th of Feb. 1903, for the Ruby Valley and mountains beyond, known as the Tobacco Range, where among the timber I regained my health. A year or two later we filed on our homestead in the Ruby Valley, and about a year later we moved where we now own our sawmill. We are on government land in the 'Forest Reserve,' the timber is too hard to get for the stumpage we pay. We would like to get out of the reserve into a good timber region where we could do better, where the water is pure as it is here, and as healthy a climate, where there is a chance of starting a colony of good Christian people.

"I think the Home Workers' page very helpful and the many letters are interesting. It has always been my great desire to have money to help, and cheer the poor and helpless, but for some reason God has kept me where I have had but very little to give, although He has greatly blessed me with little things to do in His name. I believe in giving a tenth of what I receive and love to tell all the suffering ones what a treasure I have found in the Saviour.

"There is nothing can destroy the peace I have with God. No matter what trials come I find comfort in Him and Him alone. Dear suffering shut-ins, look to Him who is able to comfort you and help you in the time of need.

When we are suffering we will find others who are worse off than we are, and if we can help someone else we forget our own sufferings! I have tried it, dear ones.

"Every deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the name of the Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow,

He has promised us a bright reward.

We are building day by day, as the moments glide away.

Our temple which the world may not see;

Every victory won by grace will be sure to find its place

In our building for eternity."

"Even a cup of cold water given in his name, will not be overlooked by our Father in Heaven. God bless you all!"

MRS. MELISSA A. WILCOX, Sheridan, Mont.

Mrs. Bertie Harris, Box 50, Adamsville, R. F. D., 1, Tenn., a young woman of twenty-four years, asks if any of the sisters can send her a harmless, effective remedy for reducing flesh. She is five feet four inches in height and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

"St. Elmo" has been concluded; every reader of COMFORT should have the complete story in book form. Read our offer in another part of this issue.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have long wished to join your genial circle. I am a widow and a "shut-in." I have not drawn a breath free from pain for twenty-five years. Rheumatism drew my head down, I cannot hold it up a moment without resting my chin upon my hand, and can only move it a little. I feel deeply grateful to our Heavenly Father that it is my disposition to be cheerful and hopeful. I try to find the bright side of life, always. When darkness will spread its sable wing above me, I remember that "Night brings out stars" and begin to look for their coming, and they come.

I am a music teacher, I can stand by the piano and instruct the pupils without having to hold up my head. My right arm was paralyzed for eighteen months, but I am very thankful that I can use my hand again—not as I once did, but for a few hours.

I enjoy fancy work. Will someone send me a few silk or satin scraps, for sofa pillows? I would be glad to receive designs in cross-stitch. I will return the favors in any way I can.

I can deeply sympathize with all the sufferers whose names appear in COMFORT, and wish it were in my power to give relief to everyone—God knows what is best for us all. Through the mist of falling tears we catch the rainbow hues of heaven. Let us not be despondent, though we walk through the fire and flame of affliction, a loving Father is leading us.

FANNIE B. THOMPSON, Sheridan, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Let me try to interest you all by telling how twelve hens fed me for three months, almost without any other pecuniary help. They commenced to lay on Jan. 16th, and on Apr. 16th of this year they had laid 508 eggs. Their feed was some spoiled corn with a mash of meal and corn. Bran once a week. Fresh water was always provided. They ranged in a wood and roosted on a rail fence. I had built them a henhouse, but they never would roost in it, a leaky roof was no doubt the reason. I am always providing new nests, and they like this habit of mine, and keep free from vermin. Of course I am not able to have *patis de foie gras* very often, or venison more than every other day, but the quantity of eggs I get kept the wolf a long distance from the door.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritan strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria causes him to his waiting ears. Theta Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and power and coming back make Theta his wife. As he proceeds he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us!" Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting and she tries to comfort him. He feels all is lost save ambition. The mother chides him, ambition never make him happy. The parting comes, the other says, "I didn't know it would be so hard!" Theta Rosslyn hears the cry, and says, "God will take care of him."

Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The legal battle in which he is engaged seems like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully.

It isn't the Trusts, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and meets the open prairie. A horse and rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a mistake and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal put out of his misery. In the absence of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced, and she presents her card, Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride back to town on Eugene Warfield's horse. In an automobile they see the wife of the president of the Harvester Trust; she is an invalid. Victoria thinks it is something to be the mistress of such a magnificent home. She has heard, he not only is the head of the Trust, but has great political influence. Gene admits he has the power to make or ruin a man. Will she see him at the reception? Arriving late, Victoria meets him. She goes to the deserted East room, to show the new orchid she bought, but little is there, but little is there, only the wildness of his New Hampshire woods, and Gene tells of the beauties of the New England flowers, of his boyhood home, of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dreams of power and ambition. Victoria rouses from her abstraction. Ambition is the thing that lifts man above the level of the brute. She is covetous of power and longs to sit with the highest of the land. Does he blame her? How can he? As for power, she can't have more than she now has. Corcoran visits Warfield. If he defies him he will crush him; if he becomes his friend he shall grow great by his power. Does Corcoran take him for a dastard—he can do his worst. Corcoran admires his grit, yet goes against him and will crush him, become his friend and he places him among the high and mighty in the land. He gives him his choice. Warfield yields. Corcoran grasps his hand. Judge Blodgett listens to Warfield's speech, and realizes he is bought. Warfield asks himself will he ever be able to class the hand of an honest man again. He goes to Victoria. Will she be his wife?

Mrs. Warfield receives a letter from Gene. There is something about it which worries her. Mrs. Rosslyn asks for the priest and bids Theta go to walk. She has much to say to him. As Theta stands alone old memories stir within her. She sees Gene; the figure of a lovely woman is near him. Her hands clutch at her breast and in agony she cries, "My God! He is married!" and she falls in a faint. A long sickness follows, and when she recovers she finds her mother sleeping in the churchyard. Gene hopes for a home of his own and pictures it to his wife. Victoria wishes for an apartment house where all will be done by trained servants. Can they afford it? He has no income outside of his official salary. He will not touch a penny that does not rightfully belong to him. They return to Washington, and visit the house. Victoria determines shall be their home. Gene stops in the library and falls to musing. He sees a picture. A room with softly tinted walls—a woman whose fingers fashion white garments, crooning a low soft melody. After a time the prattle of a child fills the room and a boy climbs on his knee, and he feels the clinging of baby arms. Again the woman croons and the cradle rocks and a baby girl looks at Gene. Victoria rouses him from his reverie—he hasn't seen half the rooms. He fails to find a nursery.

Four months later Victoria is surprised by a call from Corcoran. He searches for his ideal and finds it too late. Victoria begs of him not to play with her—he knows what fire is when beyond control. Gene enters unsuspectingly yet with a repugnance toward Corcoran. Victoria invites them to discuss business. The months that follow are trying ones. There is born the cry of a child, a little old and mystery-birth. In the following months Gene tries to give a better understanding with his wife. Victoria rarely visits the nursery. Gene enters to find the baby screaming and the nurse in tears. Mrs. Warfield insists upon giving landrum to the baby—the nurse refuses without the doctor's order and she discharges her, and from that hour the baby droops.

Congress closes and the Warfields spend the summer at a fashionable watering place, where Victoria is admired. Corcoran is there, and Gene is unmindful of the whispered innuendoes concerning his wife. He gives his time to his boy, and the little hands pluck down the altar, where Warfield had placed his idol, Ambition. They return to Washington, and again Victoria disturbed by the walling of the baby orders landrum. The nurse, by order of Mr. Warfield refuses to administer it. Victoria attempts to tell the little one who gasps "mamma, mamma!" She lifts her hand to the little one and says "mamma, mamma!" The nurse has to tell the wife "Gene, dash off the blow, and reading the label on the bottle, he dashes it to the floor. Victoria strikes her husband and the blood trickles down. He pillows his child on his breast, and sits down before his desk. He opens and reads a letter from his mother. She can never call him great so long as she hears of his supporting such bills as pass the House of Representatives. He knows his mother is right—he is a damnable scoundrel. He is spelling Theta. She may lose the dear girl. The young doctor comes often. Let us know about the baby. The child cries and calls "mamma, mamma!" He has no mamma—no one but dadda.

CHAPTER XI.

THE AWAKENING.

"T HE bill is infamous," Warfield's voice was calm, his face white and the sensitive lips quivered. Corcoran, cool, calm and commanding, gave a shrug of his huge shoulders.

"As you please, Warfield. As long as the bill passes, it matters little what title you give it."

"Corcoran," Gene went on, "you understand what the passage of this bill means to my constituents, to the American people. I have done your bidding—I have been your willing tool in all things—and now you ask me to consummate my villainy toward the honest men who elected me by giving support to this—I repeat—this infamous bill."

Again Corcoran shrugged his shoulders, an evil smile playing about his lips.

"I not only ask it but I demand it. Call it what you will, this measure yet remains as the consummation of the plans of my lifetime: it means vast wealth, more money and more power. For years I have bent all my energies to the preparation of this bill. The time is now ripe for its passage. It remains for you to make

good your promises. You have done my bidding, and I thank you for your obedience. I have kept every promise I made to you. I have done more. I have given you repeated opportunities to make money and these you have chosen to refuse. Some whisper of the state of your finances has been borne to me—he paused to note the effect of this. Gene winced. A few days before the knowledge of Victoria's extravagance had descended upon him in the shape of an avalanche of bills, and these he had paid although it had taken the last dollar he possessed. He made no reply to Corcoran's last words.

"I understand how matters are with you financially, Warfield, and I promise for the safe passage of this bill—which means so much to me personally—a hundred thousand dollars of Harvester Trust Stock shall be yours. Also, a higher place awaits you. The Senate—"

"Here's a pretty how-de-do, Gene," interrupted a genial voice, as a short, pudgy figure pushed itself into the room. "I told that fellow out there in the swallow-tail that if I'd got to be announced like some eastern potentate—"

"Judge Blodgett!" Gene, glad in his soul for the interruption, advanced with outstretched hand. "This is certainly good of you. You know, I believe, met Mr. Corcoran before?"

"I have had the honor," the judge replied ironically.

Corcoran bowed coldly. The two had met frequently in Excelsior but no friendship existed between them.

"I hoped for a few more words in private," Corcoran said eying the judge askance.

"Anything you care to add may be said in the presence of my old friend," Gene replied proudly.

"As you please," rejoined the boss with a sneer. "It is only this: I shall look for a strong speech in support of the bill when it comes up tomorrow." For a full minute he looked fixedly at Warfield, who returned his stare with interest, while the judge, hands in his pockets, looked out the window, then with an abrupt, "Good day," Corcoran stalked out.

"Every man has his price," he reflected sagely, "and I offered him a good one. It is worth it. The passage of this bill will crown the ambitions of my life—to fall in this is to fall in all. But I shall not fail. I must put the finish to that other matter, too. I wouldn't have believed it possible that any woman could have—and I am mad with impatience." As these thoughts passed through his mind he pushed open the great bronze door and entered his automobile.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the judge, making a wry face. "I'm glad that man is gone. Makes me think of his Satanic Majesty. But what on earth, he broke off, laying his hands on Gene's shoulders and twisting his around toward the light, "have you been doing to yourself? You look ten years older and the hair on your temples is as white as cotton."

A short dry laugh broke from Warfield. "When a man preempts a quarter section in purgatory you'd expect his hair to turn white, wouldn't you, judge?"

"By the looks of you, I should imagine you had been living in the territory further on. But I like that idea of purgatory—that sort of half way place where a man can always turn back if he wants to. Look here, Warfield," dropping the half bantering tone with which he began and growing serious, "are you going to obey Corcoran? I couldn't help hearing a part of what he was saying and I want to know whether or not you are going to support that measure to-morrow?"

Warfield's face was a picture of indecision.

"Upon my soul," he said slowly, "I can't tell you."

The judge came close and laid a hand on the younger man's shoulder in an affectionate way.

"By your own confession, Gene, you haven't found this life as happy as you expected?"

"Happy!" Gene uttered the word mockingly. "I have suffered all the tortures I deserve. My soul has been steeped in infamy—the child I worship is being sacrificed on the altar of folly—my wife—" he stopped short the blood rushing in a flood of shame to his face.

"Ambition then was not worth the price you paid for it?" the judge asked gently.

"No, no a thousand times!" The answer was torn from Gene.

"My boy," the judge continued, "there is a turning point in every man's life, a time when he must choose between good and evil. Once you made a choice that I advised against and it failed to bring you happiness." Warfield, he went on, with a prosaic old Judge Blodgett, a queer sort of quaver in his voice, "I am not a praying man—as you know, I have never believed much in the efficacy of prayer—and yet I wish all the prayers your old mother has uttered for you could have reached out to the Great Spirit in the Unknown and that today that Presence was watching over you. And Gene," something between a chuckle and a sob in his tone, "I want you to remember that there is more rejoicing over one sinner that repents than over ninety-nine just persons." As he uttered the last word he made a break for the door.

"What?" exclaimed Gene, "you are not going so soon?"

"Yes, I promised Mrs. Blodgett I'd get back to attend a matinee with her this afternoon and it is pretty nearly the hour now. Remember, Gene," he held up a warning finger, "we will be up there in the gallery tomorrow—Mrs. Blodgett and I—and we will be listening to every word you say." He went out closing the door behind him.

Warfield, still with that look of indecision on his face, paced up and down his narrow room.

* * * * *

The hour for the debate of the Harvester Trust Bill had arrived. It had been made a special order for this day, at this hour. The bill was termed "An Act to Aid the American Manufacturer." It was, in reality, an endeavor on the part of the paid henchmen of this great trust to stifle the last vestige of competition in the manufacture and sale of this class of farm implements.

All the long night before Warfield had not slept. In his mind there had raged a fierce argument. The thoughts had forced themselves in amid the conflict of emotions and demands of duty similar to the scene on the canvass which records the views of the moving pictures. All night he had battled with himself between ambition and conscience, and as the morning broke, the conflict ceased with a complete victory in favor of the latter.

For years he had yielded his better feelings to the demands of ambition. His true nature had remained in the background, stifled and dissatisfied. At last it had demanded a hearing. As he arose in his seat, he felt a momentary weakness, followed by renewed and unexpected strength. Raising his right arm and beckoning in the direction of the speaker's desk, his voice was clear and distinct: "Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives!"

There was the usual din of voices, as it had not been expected there would be any real resistance to the passage of this bill. Those who had it in charge had relied upon this speech to aid them. They had felt secure that Warfield would add his support to the passage of the bill, therefore, but little attention was paid as he began his argument. The pages flitted here and there, but few members of the assembly were in their seats, and those gave little heed.

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to the privilege of speaking against the passage of this measure."

There was a hasty consultation a few seats from where he stood. Messengers were dispatched to the lobbies and cloak rooms.

"It has been understood my remarks upon this bill would favor its passage and so they would have, but for the awakening of a conscience long sleeping. Before I speak directly to this measure, I ask the privilege of my colleagues to make a statement; I fear it will be more of a confession."

The assembly hall was fast filling. Indifferent members were taking their seats and exciting efforts were displayed by the members who had promised the trust a safe passage of the bill.

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, a few years ago I was an unknown lawyer of the West struggling for existence and endeavoring to satisfy an unquenchable ambition. This morning, I realize what that ambition has cost

and it is not satisfied.

"Through the backing of this great corporation I have risen in politics, I am permitted to sit at the desk before me, I am honored as a member of this the greatest American law-making body. The ambition is no more satisfied than the drunkard's craving thirst. I have fed it all I could obtain. I have sacrificed not only my honor but the welfare of those whose confidences I hold, and for what? That I might live in grandeur, that I might associate with the idle non-producing class who dwell in luxury, and laugh at necessity!" he exclaimed dramatically.

"I have not been bought," and his arms went straight up pointing to the magnificent paintings in the ceiling, his eyes now turned to catch the light coming in the windows above. "I have not been bought, oh! God, no! And yet, I have not handled their money but I have been bought. I have drunk their wine, I have been entertained at their expense. It was their money that furnished the campaign fund to elect me. Slowly I have receded from my ideals. Not once, but many times, I have bid my better self until I am nothing. The taste of this slow poison has been sweet, but its ruin sure.

"While walking my room last night I took stock of my moral nature, and this morning in a spirit of deepest humility, I declare myself a moral bankrupt. I find the old convictions are all gone; the beautiful ideals of youth call back from distance. I am here in flesh and with voice, but while I speak over yonder is taking place a hurried consultation among other moral bankrupts to still further carry out the wishes of their masters."

His lips were parched. Raising a cool glass of pure water, he drank deeply. A quiet breeze blew in from across the botanical gardens, cooling his fevered brow. It seemed to him the breath of freedom.

A member was trying to get the floor.

"Mr. Speaker, I will not yield. Gentlemen of this assembly I must not yield to any man until I have set myself right with those honest men who elected me; right with the whole world.

"It is not enough that I make this body my confessor; I must use my remaining strength to right, so far as it lies in my power, the wrongs not yet complete. This bill must not pass. Those people who elected me must not be further denied their rights. Those simple people living as all should live, drawing their inspirations from nature's rugged bosom and craving no greater luxury than the dying sunset, they have trusted me. I have betrayed that trust while my conscience was drugged with false standards. The press has lauded me, corporation money and influence have hired my praises sung, but the music of honest praise has never sounded in my ears. I am not alone, other members of this body are equally—"

"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!" rang from a dozen throats.

The gavel sounded harshly and the chair announced the speaker might proceed.

"Mr. Speaker, I will not add the infamy of dragging down other characters. Let each one here, by the franchise of the people, answer to his conscience and to his constituents as I am answering. Their consciences will awake as mine has done. When that awakening comes, and it will come; when the great common people are finally aroused, no government can permanently endure which does not provide equally for the peace, prosperity and welfare of all its people. As Tolstol says: 'Mothers will teach their sons that all men are brothers, and that the only enemy they have is the man who wants to rule and exploit them, then we will have the women the world needs—who will raise sons with a higher manhood than the world has ever known.' When those men are here in our places the silent prayer of children forced into slavery in the factories and the mills, will not go out in vain. Their right to education; their right to fit themselves for manhood and womanhood will no longer then be denied them, that this free America by their sacrifice shall support a millionaire class, a non-productive aristocracy of idlers and oppressors."

From the galleries came a faint applause and faint though it was, it rekindled the spark of dying manhood and gave him strength to go on.

"Gentlemen, I am not blinded to the power of wealth, nor its influence in this body, nor is my ambition all dead. It is alive but it is under control. It must be satisfied henceforth with second place. My honor, though blackened by the speeches I have delivered upon this floor in favor of corporate interests and against the welfare of the great masses, shall be redeemed. I warn you now, Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, that this bill cannot pass. Though the influence of this power be great there is yet a preponderance of honesty in this body and I am in possession of sufficient evidence of corruption in favor of this bill to cause its defeat. My ultimatum to those furthering its interests is to withdraw the measure or prepare for a public exposure and the consequences of that exposure."

Warfield paused and the silence was intense.

"Mr. Speaker, just a few words more. The time is now come that I should serve notice upon those of this body who secretly represent corporate interests that the balance of my term of service shall be devoted to the interests I was elected to represent. You may know where I stand upon every measure proposed. It may mean my defeat, should I seek reelection—"

His hand sought his vest pocket and brought forth the watch his mother had given him. He wished to know how many more minutes he could speak. As the case opened he caught his mother's picture. Then replacing the timepiece,

"But it will not, it cannot mean the scorn of the mother who gave me birth; it will not mean the distrust of those who have loved me and prayed that my manhood be preserved, while surrounded by this seething whirlpool of temptation. It will not mean a farther distance between myself and my ideals, between ambition and honor; it will not mean nightmares with hollow-eyed children and half clad men and women. It will not mean, it cannot mean the further sacrifice of everything that is good and pure and true. If defeat it is, I welcome it and with it the peace of right and justice which can come only where honor is the Judge in dealing with men."

Warfield paused speaking, but remained stand-

ing, his face gradually losing its intensity, the muscles relaxing into an expression of contentment. His colleagues, first to recognize what the effort had cost him in strength, sprang to his side and grasped his hand in silent admiration. Then the demonstration became general.

Recognizing that the battle was at least temporarily lost a member on the other side of the hall arose and gaining the speaker's attention moved that the bill be tabled, which motion carried without opposition, and after a few minor matters had been disposed of, the house adjourned until the morrow.

CHAPTER XII.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag. COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

I TRUST you are all keeping cool. If not I can give you an excellent recipe for overheated blood. Jump into a sixty-foot river and pull the river in after you. Stay submerged for six months, and if at that time you have not cooled off sufficiently, apply icebergs to the heated spots, until they are reduced to the correct temperature for perfect comfort.

You will be glad to know that Lawrence Bird of Dalton, Ga., for whom I made an appeal in our December issue, received \$55.00 in cash, 450 letters, and many useful articles. Lawrence has got his cow and now not only has milk and butter in abundance, but has some of each to sell. The cow cost \$30.00, so he still has a comfortable balance left after adding Mrs. Cow to his family. The poor fellow's health has improved now that he has better nourishment, and he wants me to thank you on behalf of himself and poor old mother, for all you have done for him, and I am sure I am only too glad to do it. God bless you all! What a blessed thing it is that we are able to do this good work, and just think of the happiness and the real substantial help we are able to give to these poor suffering souls. It is just as easy to do good as to do ill, if you only get the habit. There are probably 19,000 of the 20,000 members in the C. L. O. C. who have not got the habit of doing little deeds of mercy for others, and the actual doing and giving is left to about one thousand of our members, good-hearted souls, the salt of the earth, God's elect. Though I am handing bouquets to you all, and I am proud of what we have done and are doing, still it is only a trifle to what we *might* do, if you'd all get the habit of doing one deed of mercy, one act of kindness every month, instead of leaving it to the few.

I like you to know results. The world is interested, not in what people are going to do, but *what they do*. You have saved Lawrence Bird and his mother's life, and brought happiness to their humble home. There are lots of more lives to save, butt in, get busy and save them. All do your share, all do your part. Don't let twenty hang back, while one does the work.

Wm. T. Harrah of Backus, W. Va., for whom I appealed in last November issue, received \$45.00 and many useful articles. William wants a camera. He thinks that with a camera he could add considerably to his income. Maybe someone has an old one they could pass on to him?

Very few of you are working to secure "Uncle Charlie's Poems." I did not think there was a single member in the League, that would not break his (or her) neck to earn this book, by getting seven 15 cent subscriptions for COMFORT. One hour's easy work will do the trick. Can't you spare that hour? My birthday is on September 5th, next month. You usually want to know whether I'd prefer a steam yacht or an automobile for a present, and in the generosity of your hearts, not knowing which I would like best, you send me both. Now cut out the yacht and automobile this year. I have seven hundred steam yachts sailing around out in the wood pile already, and we have canned automobiles for lunch twice a day. So, my dears, let up on these expensive gifts, and instead just hustle around and get seven new subscriptions to COMFORT to earn that book of poems. If you will do that we will have 100,000 more members in the COMFORT family, and I will have the happiest birthday of my life.

Now for the letters.

A Tar Heel cousin wants to say some say.

GUM NECK, TYRELL CO., N. C., May 17, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am nineteen, five feet, nine inches in height, weigh one hundred and thirty-seven pounds and have golden hair and blue eyes.

I live in the eastern part of North Carolina, my father is a farmer, and farming is my occupation when not at school. I live in Tyrrell County just eighteen miles southeast of Columbia, which is the county seat, and it is a very beautiful little town, situated on the Scuppernong river. It has about six hundred and fifty inhabitants, and is a great lumber manufacturing town. The county officials erected a Court House at Columbia that cost \$13,000. It is a credit to the county. Gum Neck is a township of about four hundred and sixty-five inhabitants, and is situated on the Alligator River. We have two steam mills, that do the farmers grinding, ginning and sawing. We have six stores and four new churches.

Gum Neck is one of the most important agricultural sections of the eastern part of this state. The principal crops are corn, cotton, peanuts, oats, sorghum, soja beans, Irish and sweet potatoes. All kinds of vegetables thrive well here. Butter, poultry and eggs are also a specialty with the farmers of this place. Apples, pears, plums, peaches and scuppernong grapes are the principal fruits. Berries are abundant. Hickory, hazel and walnuts are found on many of the farms. The rivers and creeks abound with shad, rock herring, trout, perch and eels. Partridges, doves, and rabbits furnish sport for the hunters. Bears, dears, opossums, coons and squirrels are seen in our woods and they are shot quite frequently. Uncle, if you should ever come down to visit me at Gum Neck I will take you down the Alligator river some moonlight night bear hunting in my boat, and we will have some fun with Mr. Bear; and that is if you like that kind of sport.

I shall be glad to hear from all the cousins especially those of the gentler sex and now God bless you all. Your loving nephew,

MILLARD F. OWENS,

Millard, you have certainly said some nice things about your city and state. Honestly I never knew that Gum Neck was such a marvelous metropolis, teeming with wealth, culture and four hundred and sixty-five inhabitants. You don't tell us what the population is, and neither do you tell us what these inhabitants are. Billy says they are a new breed of goats, and every citizen owns one of these inhabitants. This explanation is in-

genius, but I doubt if it is authentic. Toby says he thinks an inhabitant is a frog with six tails, while Maria thinks it is six tails without a frog. Millard, you must enlighten us upon this point, as we are all thirsty for knowledge or anything else in the liquid line that hits the spot these warm days. However did you come to name your city Gum Neck? Toby says that there was a pretty girl walking up the main street of your burg one fine day, and all the boys on the street turned to rubber, and of course after they had turned to rubber, they had gum necks. How about this Millard? You say too, that your age is nineteen. If you are exactly tween nine you must be four and a half years old. You also say the farmers in your section make eggs a specialty, well, up here the hens only make a specialty of eggs, and they would strenuously resent interference by anyone, farmer or otherwise, in this time-honored prerogative of theirs. You also say that "dears" are seen in your woods, and are shot quite frequently, Millard, I have often heard of boys hunting



COUSIN ALICE SHAPPY (17), Roanoke, Ill.

the dears, but it is murder in the first degree if you are caught shooting one. However you Gum Neckers can have the hardihood to injure the coy darlings of the opposite sex beats me. I stabbed one once with a loving glance, and got my face pushed in for my audacity, but I never went so far as to shoot one with a real bullet. You propose to take me down the Alligator river some night "hunting" bear. I don't know what "hunting" bear is, but if it means plugging lead into Bruin's pyjamas I want you to excuse me right here. I have lost no bear, and therefore have no desire to hunt or "hunt" for any. And you don't fool me into taking any moonlight trips on the Alligator river either. I am a soft thing, and an easy mark, but you can't hand me a lemon of that variety. I can see you getting next to my roll of masumas, divesting me of my one sock and a half an undervest, and then feeding my defunct carcass to the gators. Millard, you can spring t'at bear hount on some of the Gum Neck inhabitants, but you can't get me into a deal of that kind in a million years. No, Siree!

A neatly written letter from a sweet little Iowa lassie will now entrance us.

MONMOUTH, Ia., May 15, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I wonder if you will admit an Iowa girl into your charming circle. I have been enjoying the cousins' chatty letters and Uncle's bright, witty replies for some time and decided I should like to join the C. L. O. C. too, so here I am.

I will describe myself so you'll know who you're looking at. I am seventeen years old, five feet four inches tall, tip the beam at one hundred and fifteen pounds, have light hair, light complexion and blue eyes.

I am now keeping house for my father, my mother is dead, I have kept house ever since I was thirteen and have taken care of a baby brother for two years. I have lived in Iowa all my life, with the exception of two years which I spent in Marysville, Kansas.

My cousin and myself visited the State Penitentiary this spring; we went through the institution and saw the prisoners at work. We also went to Sabbath-school. No one but the prisoners take part in this. They march into the chapel and with every ten prisoners there is one guard, of course they don't all come, they can take their choice of going to S. S. or to their cells.

There are only twelve women in the "pen" now, and only one of them is in for life. It makes a person feel sorry for some of them, but of course it's their own fault that they are there.

As this is the first letter I've written, I'll try and not make it too long, so will close with love to all the cousins and remain as ever your loving niece.

MARY HEISTERE.

Mary, I want you to know that your taking care of your baby brother, and taking your mother's place in the house is an act worthy of all praise. You are a brave little woman, and words are tame, and fail to express all I feel for girls of your stamp. That penitentiary trip must have been real exciting. I was in the penitentiary once. I was walking down Broadway, New York, some years ago, and my face stopped all the traffic, and even the trolley cars got so scared, they ran for their lives. The police arrested me for disturbing the peace. I asked them which piece I had disturbed, and the Judge said:

"You are trying to be funny, young man, ten dollars or ten days." I said "I'll take the money if you have no objection." I did not get the money but I got the days, and I have been dazed ever since. They hustled me off to the penitentiary, and gave me the first bath I had had in seven hundred and forty years. After the bath it took three convicts ten years to remove the real estate that had been jarred loose from my hide during the operation. The warden said he would rather dig the Panama and the Panapa Canals twice over, than scrub me once, and so would I. They had a rule in that prison that every man had to follow the same business and profession in jail as he did outside. Men that were bricklayers were put to laying bricks and so on. Authors were put to writing books. When they asked me what my business was I said "Will you put me to doing the same work here, that I did outside?" "Sure," said the keeper, "that's the rule of the institution, and the rules here must be strictly observed." "ee whiz," said I, "I am glad to hear it." When they asked me what my business had been, I said, "Traveling salesman." "All right," said the warden, "you can travel to your cell!" That is where I murmured "Stung!" Penitentiaries are bad places to get into. Some people are used to being behind the bars, and like it, but as I am a strictly temperate man, and never drink anything stronger than boiled lye and carbolic acid, it is against my religion to be put behind the bars, as I think it is a barbarous practice. Boys and girls, keep away from the pens, no matter whether they are hog pens, prison pens, or fountain pens, they are tough propositions to stack up against.

Here is a little letter that will touch all hearts.

STERLING CITY, TEX., April 4, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

On March 2nd, the Death Angel entered our home, and bore from us our dear little fourteen-year-old daughter, who was a member of COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS. Her number was 524. It was hard to part from our darling, but God's wisdom is greater than ours and He knows what is best for us all.

Your League is a blessing to the young folks, and if every member will try as hard to live up to the principles and rules as our darling did, there surely will soon be a great change for good in this old world.

Sadie Brown was born in Johnson Co., Texas, near Grand View and lived there until Jan. 1st, 1906, when she moved to Sterling Co. She was a precious, good child, and lived as near right as it is in human nature to live.

Her mother, MRS. R. F. BROWN.

Our League is so large and contains so many members, that I thought it best not to notify you when Death calls any of the cousins from our ranks, as I should thus be compelled to chronicle such sad events monthly, and that would cast a gloom over too many homes. I thought though you ought to read Mrs. Brown's letter as it shows what a place this organization holds in the homes and hearts of our readers. To you, dear Mrs. Brown, let me say this: Think of your child, not as dead but as living; not as a flower that has withered, but as one that transplanted and touched by a Divine hand, is blooming in richer colors and sweeter shades than those of earth.

She is not lost to you, who is found to Christ, she is not taken from you but merely gone before. Like a star she has vanished from your sight merely to shine brighter in another and far serener clime. God hold you to patient and uncomplaining, and help you to bear the weight of your great sorrow.

Safely, safely gathered in
Far from sorrow, far from sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears,
For the life so young and fair
Now hath passed from earthly care,
God himself the soul will keep,
Giving His beloved sleep.

A jolly little Hoosier niece wants to butt in.

VERNON, R. F. D., 1, IND., May 9, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Here I come with a hop, skip and a jump right into your great big lap with the rest of the cousins.

Now I will tell you what I look like. I am about five feet in height, have auburn hair, blue eyes, weigh one hundred and eight pounds. I live on a farm of one hundred and thirty-three acres, but think I would like it better in the city, as this neighborhood is so dull and the neighbors are scarce. Our country here is mostly hilly and some of the land is very poor. The scenery is very beautiful all the year around. The principal crops are corn, wheat and potatoes. I have three brothers and three sisters living. My papa is a large, fat man and my mamma is a small woman. I like to work out in the field better than housework, but, Uncle, do not think by that I cannot do housework for I can. If you will come and make me a visit I will make you a "tansy" pie for a surprise. Well, Uncle, if the flies are as bad up in Maine as they are here be careful they don't eat your bauld head up. For we cousins do not want a headless Uncle, so be careful. I send my love to Toby and Marie and to yourself a big hug so don't get scared. Your loving niece,

RUTH V. JORDAN (10,307).

Ruth, I certainly admire the hearty, breezy way in which you butt in. Some people shuffle in as in an apologetic half-hearted sort of a way, as if they had no right to be on the earth at all. I don't like that sort of entrance. When you go into a thing, don't go in a toe at a time in sections, but in, hair, teeth, arms, legs, heart, body and soul, and go in with a bump. Now, Ruth, as regards the description of yourself, which is most entrancing. I would like to ask you about that auburn hair. Toby set fire to Billy the Goat's whiskers with a firecracker on the Fourth of July, and Billy says he has now auburn hair on his chin. Is that the kind of hair you have on your dear little headpiece, Ruth? I am sorry the land around you is poor. Perhaps some of the wealthier cousins might send it a few dollars and help it over the hard times. I have every sympathy with anything that is poor, as I am poor myself. I am glad Papa is fat, as fat men usually are jolly and good-natured, but I am considerably puzzled about your Mama whom you say is a small woman. From this I infer Ruth, that though you have been content to get along with one father, you have several mothers. You also tell me to be careful. My dear, I have a pretty good appetite but honestly I couldn't get outside a car load of anything, so I will never be careful. Billy the Goat is careful, as he ate a freight train last night for breakfast. Your bugs will never scare me, Ruth, but on the contrary they would cause me endless rapture and delight. You might send me a couple of bugs on a postal card, and oh, add a few locks of that auburn hair. If it burns too much I will turn the hose on it. Send the keys with the locks so I can undo the hair.

Here is an interesting letter, especially for those who intend to go out in the world to do housework,

2414 W. 4th ST., DULUTH, MINN., May 24, '07.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am fifteen years young, five feet, seven inches tall and have light brown hair and blue eyes.

I am working in a candy factory and get \$3.50 a week. Have worked there nearly a year. I will tell you about the places I worked in. I first worked in a private family as assistant, but only got \$8 a month. I worked there one month and a half, and then the lady wanted me to do everything for the same wages, but I wouldn't and quit, and lost \$4 in that bargain.

My next place was as a scrub girl in a hotel, and I had to get up at two o'clock and work till seven, then sleep until ten, and work until twelve, and had all the rest of the day for myself. I got \$3.75 a week there, but worked only two days and then quit.

When I first went into the scrub girls' room, they were sitting on the bed playing cards and swearing. I learned to use quite a bit of slang while there, but have forgotten most of it now.

I will tell you of the pets we used to have. They were Joe, and Susie and Jimmy. Joe and Susie were little turtles just as large as a quarter of a dollar, and Jimmy was a woodchuck we had captured and tamed.

Susie and Jimmy both ran away, but as for

Joe—my brother put him in his coffee cup one morning and my father put hot coffee on it by mistake.

I would like to hear from the cousins and answer all letters.

Good by for this time, your loving niece and cousin.

WILLMETTA CLARK (10,097).

Willmetta, your experiences as an expert with the scrubbing brush are quite thrilling. I commend you for the courageous way in which you, at the age of fifteen went out into the world to earn your living. I should like a large oil painting of the lady who paid you eight simoleons a month, and wanted you to do "everything for the same price" without raising the ante. It is wonderful how generous some people can be and still live. I bet she had heart failure every time she dug up the "eight." That was quite a lengthy stay you made at the hotel, but if you worked for two days and got \$3.75 a week for forty-eight hours' work you did well. I am horrified to hear that the scrub ladies were playing cards and swearing.

I hope they did not rope you into a poker game, and skin you of any of that \$3.75. Scrub ladies have no right to swear. I'll admit that getting up at 2 a.m. (g. m. means good morning) and chasing a scrubbing brush over thirteen acres of flooring, freckled with the relics of tobacco and expectoration, is enough to make a girl swear in 74 languages. A girl may scrub and still be a lady, for a scrub girl does not need to be a scrub unless she swears, then she is fourteen times of a scrub.

I am sorry the turtle met such an untimely fate. Making turtle soup with hot coffee is a recipe that should be of use in the Sisters' Corner. As regards the woodchuck, I remember years ago, before I had permanently engaged a seat on the water wagon, that I went to an Irish christening, and somebody put three or four gallons of snake cure in my coffee, and I swallowed it and carried it home. I got it home with the help of three policemen. I was boarding with a prohibition family, and every night before I was permitted to go to my room the man of the house used to make me repeat this little formula as fast as greased lightning, and if I did not do it just right I had to sleep out in the back yard! This was it: "How much wood could a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?" That



FRED FITCH (25),
Care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.
Vice-President, Maine.

sounds easy doesn't it? Well, try it and see. When I fell through the door after the christening, I was requested to repeat the woodchuck speech, and this is how I did it. "How m-m-m mu-much chuck could a chuck stuck — duck — chuck — if a chuck-huck — duck chewed w-o-o-d!" Then the door slammed in my face, and I slept in the yard.

A little Oklahoma Cousin wants to say a few words.

BOX 12, TREEDON, R. F. D., 1, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my League button and card all right, and I want to thank you for sending them. I sure am proud of them. Well, Uncle, you ever have had most all kinds of diseases. Did

ONLY A GIRL or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTERRUPTED BATTLE.

"SAY dat ag'in, an I'll make yer sorry for it!"
"You will?"
"Yes, I will."
"It 'ud take more'n you ter do it."

"Oh, yer t'ink it wud. See?"

The speakers were not, as the reader probably imagines, a couple of newsboys or boot-blacks.

They were members of the great army of children and youth whom a hard Fate condemns to earn a precarious livelihood by selling papers, flowers, etc., on the crowded streets of our great cities.

What a schooling for a young girl!

The dialogue with which our story opens took place at the corner of Frankfort Street and Park Row, where the newsboys and news-girls are wont to congregate at certain hours of the day.

The disputants were well-known characters in that neighborhood.

One was named Madge Mason, the other Annie Kelly.

As it is with the former that our story has principally to deal, we will speak of her first.

If our readers have decided because of her "tough" dialect that there was anything "tough" in her appearance, let us hasten to correct the mistake.

Though she was clothed in rags, there was something in Madge Mason's appearance, the way in which she carried herself, the poise of her head, that distinguished her from the rest of the crowd by which she was surrounded.

She was apparently in her fifteenth year. Her form, though slight, was well proportioned; her face was strikingly beautiful.

Imagine an oval outline, olive complexion, dark, flashing eyes, a small, exquisitely formed nose, red, pouting lips, and all crowned by a wealth of tangled black hair, and the picture of Madge Mason is before your mind's eye.

As for her companion, she was simply a type of the wretched denizens of the neighborhood—coarse-featured, common in every movement, bearing the unmistakable stamp of the iron hand of Poverty.

The threat with which our story opens was uttered by Madge.

Annie Kelly had called her a liar and she had replied:

"Say dat ag'in an I'll make yer sorry fer it."

Both of these untutored children of the street were very "mad."

Madge's cheeks were flushed with anger, and as Annie shouted the last contemptuous taunt she hissed:

"I'll show yer ef I kin make yer sorry or not!"

And she sprang upon the other girl like a little tigress.

But two of the boys rushed forward and pulled them apart.

"Quit dat now, Madge," said one of them, a good-natured looking, freckle-faced lad of about fifteen. "Fightin' ain't no business fer gals."

"You let me go, Dave Lane," panted Madge, "or I'll scratch yer eyes out."

"Oh, no, I guess you won't," grinned the boy, who was holding her in a vise-like grip. "Now keep quiet, Madge, kinder cool down; I don't wanter see you hurt."

"See me hurt!" sneered the girl; "yer won't see me hurt, but yer'll see her pulverized!"

"Yer will fight, hey?"

"Yer kin bet I will."

"Den yer've got ter fight square."

"What d'yer mean?"

"I mean I won't have none o' dis hair-pullin' an scratchin'. Ef yer've got ter fight, why den we'll make a ring, an' yer kin settle dis here little dispute like ladies. How does dat strike yer?"

"It goes," replied Madge promptly.

"An what d'yer say, Annie?" inquired Dave of the other girl.

"It's all der same ter me as long as I git at her," was the reply, which was accompanied by a vindictive glance at Madge.

"Den form a ring an' let der fust round begin," directed Dave. "Jakey Sloman, you act as referee."

The ring was formed.

"Now den," said Jakey, "let 'er go."

Well, the two girls did "let 'er go."

But the fight did not last long.

In fact, it had scarcely begun when a tall, good-looking young man, plainly but respectably dressed, and evidently a mechanic, broke through the ring and laid his hand on Madge's shoulder.

"Well," he said fixing his steel-gray eyes steadily upon the girl's face, "I am surprised."

Madge's face turned from red to white.

All at once her warlike spirit seemed to depart, and she hung her head like a whipped schoolgirl.

"Engaged in a street fight!" continued the newcomer. "I would not have believed it of you."

"Now den, now den!" interrupted Annie Kelly, who was just getting warmed up to the fight, "don't be blockin' up der street, mister. Dis ain't none o' your funeral, is it?"

The stranger paid no attention to the query, but said to Madge:

"Will you come with me?"

The girl looked wonderingly up into his kindly face.

"Go wid you?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Down to the place where I work; it isn't far from here. I'd like to have a little talk with you."

The girl hesitated.

"You're not afraid of me, are you?" asked the young man.

"I ain't afraid o' no one dat wears shoe-leather," was the reply, with a defiant side-glance at Annie.

"Then will you come?"

"Yes."

Annie Kelly was evidently about to make some sneering remark, but at this moment one of the boys shouted:

"Cheese it! a cop!"

A burly policeman was approaching.

The crowd instantly scattered. Madge and the stranger going down Frankfort street.

"Now," began the young man, "I'll tell you why I wanted to speak with you alone."

But before he could go any further a hand pulled his sleeve, and looking around, he saw the newsboy, Dave Lane.

The lad's face wore an anxious expression.

"Kin I speak wid yer a minnit, mister?"

"Certainly," replied the young man. "What is it?"

"I wanter say dat Madge is white."

"White?"

"I mean she's straight—straight as a string, an' der ain't one o' der fellows dat wouldn't tell yer de same."

"Plenty odder girls do it," said Madge.

"Yes, but not girls like you."

"Well," admitted Madge, "I ain't noways stuck-up; but here is some o' em dat I don't care much about goin' wid, an' some dat I won't have nothin' to do wid."

"I don't doubt it. How old are you, Madge?"

"Goin' on fifteen."

"Then you are too old to run about the streets in this way."

Madge flushed.

"I've got ter make a livin'," she said.

"Yes, but wouldn't you rather make it in some other way?"

"What diff'rence does it make w'ether I would or not, Mr. Straight? I don't know enough ter go inter anyt'ing else."

"Would you really like to change your way of living?"

"Wud I? Of course I wud, sir."

"Then I will help you."

"You, Mr. Straight?—how?"

"Say dat ag'in."

"Wait, he hissed."

"Well?"

"Well, boss, I ain't no Jay Gould, but if she's in any trouble I'll go bail for her. I've got money salted down, an' it's hern ef she needs it, every blamed cent of it."

The young man gazed at the speaker in surprise.

"But she's not in any trouble that I know of."

"She ain't?"

"Certainly not."

"Ain't yer a fly cop?"

"No," laughed the young man.

"Yer ain't? I t'ought yer was a fly cop in plain clothes dat was pullin' her in, kinder on der quiet, on account o' der fight."

"No, indeed, I am not. I'm a foreman down at Stanley's book-bindery, and all I want is to have a little private talk with her."

"Den I begs yer pardon, boss. I feel kinder like a brudder ter Madge, 'cause I've watched her grow' up sense she wa'n't higher'n my knee, an' maybe I was a little too fresh ter speak ter yer. Did yer ever see a flower grow' up right in der middle o' weeds dat seemed to be a-tryin' dere level best ter choke it an' yet couldn't? Well, dat's Madge, an' I wouldn't see no trouble come ter her, not fer all I've got in dis world or ever expect to have."

There was a suspicious moisture in the young man's eyes, as he replied:

"No trouble shall ever come to her through me. You are a good fellow; will you tell me your name?"

"It's Dave Lane, boss."

"And mine is Ralph Straight—and I hope I am straight."

"I'd bet my last dollar dat yer are, boss."

"Well good by, Dave, and when you're in the neighborhood of the bindery come in and see me."

"I'll do it, boss. S'long."

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE.

When Dave had left them, Ralph Straight turned to Madge.

"You've sold me a paper every morning and every evening for two or three years."

"Yes, sir," returned the girl with downcast eyes, and a voice that was much gentler and more musical than that which she had used toward her late opponent in the fight.

"Yet this is the first time you have ever heard my name."

"Yes, dis is der fust time."

"I have heard yours before—that is, your first name, but I do not know your last."

"It's Mason."

"Madge Mason. Well, Madge, I suppose you wonder why I have asked you to walk with me."

"I was wonderin'. I ain't fit to be seen wid de likes o' you."

And Madge glanced ruefully at her patched, though neat, garments.

"I am not such a very fine gentleman," laughed Ralph, "that you need worry any. I'm only a plan working-man. But here we are at the bindery; just step in the hallway a minute and I'll say what I have to say in a very few words."

Madge followed him, and unceremoniously seated herself on an old packing-box that happened to be standing near the entrance.

"Go ahead," she said, almost brusquely.

"I will," smiled the young foreman. "I have thought for a long time that it was a pity for a girl like you to be selling papers on the street for a living."

"Plenty odder girls do it," said Madge.

"Yes, but not girls like you."

"Well," admitted Madge, "I ain't noways stuck-up; but here is some o' em dat I don't care much about wid, an' some dat I won't have nothin' to do wid."

"I want her to come here," said Ralph gravely, ignoring his sister's remark, "because I believe that she is too good for the life she leads and I want to help her to a better one. I think that I can read in her face truthfulness and nobility, and I don't want to see those qualities trampled in the mire of Cherry Street."

"I was only joking, Ralph," said his sister, putting her arms around his neck and kissing him. "But what a strange fellow you are! While other young men spend their time and money in barrooms and such places, you are always trying to do somebody good."

"He is just like his father," said Mrs. Straight, with moistened eyes. "Ah! I have reason to be proud of both my children!"

At this moment there came a timid knock upon the door.

"Come in!" said Mrs. Straight, and Madge entered.

She was now dressed in a plain but neat calico dress, and wore a simple black turban.

Ralph thought that he had never seen her look so beautiful, and tried to imagine her in a really handsome costume.

She was evidently embarrassed, but the motherly Mrs. Straight put her at her ease in a very short time.

"Ralph has said a good deal to me about you," she said, "and I have felt really anxious to see you. He takes a great interest in you."

"He's awful good," said Madge, with a grateful look at the young man, "but I dunno's I'm worth so much trouble."

At this point Ralph with ready tact excused himself and left the room, thinking that Madge would be more at her ease and speak more freely if left entirely with those of her own sex.

"Have you any parents living?" asked Mrs. Straight kindly.

Madge shook her head.

"No, dey're both dead—died long ago, w'en I was a little kid."

"Do you remember them?"

"I don't remember me fader, but I do mudder. I remember de day she died, dough I wasn't but six years old den."

And tears came to the girl's eyes.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

DID I hear you say you couldn't belong? Why! I wonder. Oh, because you aren't "pretty!" My dear, that hasn't got a thing to do with it. To belong to "The Pretty Girls' Club" you have to do just one thing and that is—want to be pretty. Now I'm quite sure that takes in every girl in the United States—to say nothing of the rest of the world. And if you want to be pretty, then you can be a member of our Club, and if you are a member of our Club, then it becomes my duty to make you pretty. You think that's hard? Why, it's the easiest thing in the world, for we were all meant to be pleasant to look at, and if you aren't, it's just because your body has got into an unattractive condition and you don't know how to get it out. But I do, and that's why I'm settling myself down in this cozy corner to talk it over with you.

Do you know, half of you do not know how really pretty you are, what possibilities are hidden in the circle of your eyebrow, in the smooth softness of your hair, in your pretty features, in your daintily molded figure? You don't know because they are so hidden under a mass of absolutely unnecessary blemishes or shortcomings. Your one good glorious point of beauty you have never even discovered, in fact, so lost it has become in a medley of small faults. Why not be pretty? Why not be attractive and charming? The women who can't be are few and far between, odd as this may seem. Sometimes just one little thing will transform an apparently plain woman into a joy to the eye—a different way of dressing the hair, a study of the waist line, a clearing of the complexion.

A pretty girl needs a nice round, slim waist, a full rounded bust; a white plump throat; round arms; soft white hands with clear shining well-shaped nails; bright eyes with long lashes; a clear rosy skin, smooth and fine and free from pimples, blackheads, roughness and redness; plenty of soft shining hair, well arranged. No one need tell me that women want to be plain, for I know better. Those who are think it's a harsh decree of Providence, but they are not a bit resigned. Now Providence didn't plan either ugly women or half-developed men. No! If you could see the Original Pattern that Providence has on file you'd be perfectly satisfied to cut out on the same lines. Some good mistaken people think it frivolous to consider, or attempt to improve, one's personal appearance. Well, then, I'm frankly frivolous, for I believe in being just as pretty as I can and helping every other girl or woman to be just the same. That's why the editor has asked me to sit down and chat with you once a month and help "discover" for your pleasure, the prettiness, the charm in each of you. He wants me to tell you just what to do for every little fault or blemish, just how to overcome the big defects, just what method to use and what result to seek to accomplish. He wants me, in short, to tell you the way to be pretty. And the way to be pretty is the way to be well, and the way to be happy! So that's his clever way of killing three birds with one stone.

Well, I'm glad to do it, and I want you to feel that I'm a sort of confidential adviser to each of you. Every month I will talk on some special fault and the way to overcome it—on waists, for instance (who of us isn't interested in waists?), the thick waist and the thin waist, the long waist and the short waist; on the complexion, how to clear it, render it milky in tone, give a rosy tinge to the cheeks; on the eyes; how to conquer the tendency to redness of the lids; on dimples; on the bust, how to develop and beautify it; on the hair, its proper care, wrong habits of handling it and how to overcome them: on how to add flesh and how to lose it; and in each monthly talk I shall give you harmless recipes for articles that can be used in the toilet with delightful results. But this is not all. No, this is the very least of what the editor has asked me to do. For, I'm to be just what I said, a confidential adviser.

To be a member of the Club means that you have the privilege of writing me confidentially, and any time you want about anything that troubles you in your personal appearance, and I'll tell you my way to overcome it. So many people write me about just such things that I can't reply through the mails, but I'll answer in these columns. Sign your letter with your full name, of course, but also tell me what initials or nom de plume to use in answering you, and you will find the answer under these initials.

Of course all of this advice is intended to be given free for the general good of all COMFORT subscribers so in asking any question you only have to be sure that your subscription is paid in advance; if it has expired or is about to expire you had better inclose 15 cents for a renewal to COMFORT when you write me—this will pay up to Dec. 1908, and all who renew now can have directions for making Beauty Bags sent free if so desired.

And please remember I'm really interested. You can't want to be pretty any more than I want you to be. Did I say pretty? Well, I meant look pretty, for I haven't the slightest doubt that ninety-nine out of every hundred of you are pretty already, but don't know it and don't let anybody else discover the fact. And there's even hope for the hundredth woman. Wait till I get at her!

Just as a beginning, I want to say a few general things. Some of them may seem quite commonplace—but don't forget they have a reason! There's our stomach, for instance, a horribly commonplace organ, but almost every pimple or skin affection can be traced right back to its action or non-action. It is absolutely essential to have pure blood in order to attain a perfect complexion, but it's the easiest thing in the world to secure, and when you do get it you have health as well. Therefore, a little attention to the commonplace organ that helps to make the blood is time pretty well spent. For the coming months I wish you'd try my hot water recipe. It's good for your stomach, stimulating it to action; it's good for your bowels, increasing the eliminating process and helping to rid the body of all injurious deposits; it's good for your skin, opening and cleansing the pores. It will make the greatest

kind of a difference in your complexion in a very short time. Try it! For the coming month drink two glasses of hot water a half hour before each meal (not lukewarm, because it has a tendency to nauseate, not too hot, because it is injurious to the lining of the stomach), and on going to bed drink two further glasses of hot water. Do this every day. Don't miss once! And watch the results. Note the improvement in stomach and bowel conditions, and note the improvement in the complexion. By the way, all of you who are interested in complexions, here is something else I prescribe for you. Get one of my Beauty Bags; they are a dainty little bag filled with a simple easily prepared mixture. I will send directions to you free if you are a paid-in-advance subscriber and you will find they will produce wonderful results. Every night on going to bed fill a basin full of warm water and allow the bag to soak for a few seconds, not long, just till you see a little milky substance begin to ooze forth. Then, using the bag as a wash cloth, thoroughly rub the face—every little crevice and wrinkle (later we'll get rid of crevices and wrinkles). Keep moistening the bag just as you would a wash-cloth. The result will surprise you. It has a wonderful cleansing effect and removes all roughnesses and all scaly bits of skin, leaving the face smooth and soft and clean. (You don't realize how much the latter means, but half of us aren't clean, even when we think so.) In the daytime, if for any reason your face feels rough and dry, use the "Beauty Bag" again. One of the most delightful presents I know of for a pretty girl is a box of Beauty Bags, all daintily overcast or buttonholed with wash silk in



KATHERINE BOOTH.

delicate colors. Each month I'll give you one "Don't" to remember, and to learn by heart, and never disobey. And this time, in ending my "getting acquainted" talk with you, with all best wishes for our closer relationship in the future and with a hope that you will come to me freely with all of your difficulties, I want to give you a complexion "don't" which in my mind is vital. It is this: *Never use soap on the face!* There is no quicker way to ruin a complexion. No, not ruin it (because it can be restored again, as I mean to prove to you), but temporarily disfigure it. Next month I'll give you a real complexion talk" and tell you all about everything, but in the meantime try my hot water recipe and my Beauty Bags and remember my "Don't."

Remember the only condition required in writing for free directions about the Beauty Bags or asking any questions is that you are a fully paid-in-advance subscriber to COMFORT. If your subscription has or is about to expire simply inclose 15 cents for a renewal subscription this will extend your time for sixteen months.

Address all letters to KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Only a Girl or, From Rags to Riches

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

some good reason for these unpleasant rumors. Young Shirley Everton was not a fool by any means, but he was not the shrewd, far-seeing man that his father was.

But when the old gentleman retired from business worth a couple of million dollars it was generally understood that he intended to take his son in hand and "make a man of him."

If this was his purpose it is to be regretted that he never carried it out.

Within a fortnight after the day when the affairs of the banking house of Everton and Young were settled the senior partner was suddenly stricken down.

After three days illness he died, leaving his son, Shirley, sole heir to his estate—his wife having died many years before.

The gossips again indulged in a little whispering—this time to the effect that young Shirley was not utterly inconsolable at his father's death, that he was, in fact, rather glad to be free from the reins which were already beginning to be drawn rather tightly.

But this must have been a slander, for he seemed utterly crushed with grief at his father's funeral, and wore at least six inches of crapes on his hat for a long time after the melancholy event.

But be this as it may, there is no doubt that on the very evening when Madge Mason's visit to Ralph Straight's house occurred a well-dressed man stood in front of the Everton mansion gazing at a light in a second-story window.

"You're up there, are you, my fine fellow?" he muttered with a smile that would have been disagreeable to young Everton as his words if that youth could have seen and heard both.

"You're up there, are you, getting ready for the big ball at the Academy? although your old dad hasn't been underground a year. Well, that's all right, it's none of my business, but if I am not badly mistaken you won't care to go to that ball tonight."

After this brief soliloquy he ascended the steps of the mansion and pulled the bell.

To the girl who came to the door he said:

"Tell Mr. Everton that an old friend wants to see him and wants to see him right away."

The girl hesitated.

"I'm not sure that he's in, sir," she said. "But I am," said the visitor, brushing past her and entering the reception-room. "He's upstairs fixing up for that ball at the Academy. Tell him to come down quick."

The stranger's audacity was too much for the girl, and she vanished.

A few minutes later a smoothly-shaven man in evening dress entered the room where the stranger was stretched out on a blue silk divan and said:

"Your business, sir?" "Are you Mr. Everton?" asked the visitor, brushing past him and entering the reception-room. "No, sir: Mr. Everton is engaged, sir."

"Who are you?" "His valet, sir."

"Then go back and tell him that my business is with the master, not the valet, and that it is business which must be attended to in quick time."

The valet coughed nervously.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"Oh, say any name you like, but tell him to come down here; or I'll go up where he is if he wishes."

The valet left the room.

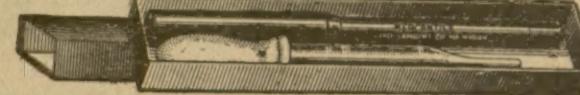
"Big lug, here," muttered the stranger.

"Maybe I shall come to this sort of thing if this enterprise succeeds. I understand young Everton has become an Anglomaniac lately, and this

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looks like it—a valet, as if a big, overgrown booby. His soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of young Everton himself. He was a well-built young fellow of twenty-three or four and would have looked a good deal like a man, despite his weak cast of countenance, if it had not been for the affected air which he chose to assume. "Well, sir," he began, "you have insisted upon seeing me and I am here. I am Shirley Everton."

"And I am Richard Harold."

"Aw! Well, Mr. Harold, what can I do for you?"

It is about ten o'clock, don't you know, and I have an engagement, and if your business is not important—"

"But it is important, as it happens," interrupted the visitor coolly, "and I have a notion that you won't feel like going to the ball tonight."

"Sir?"

"Don't get on your high horse. Are you sure that we cannot be overheard?"

"Ya-as."

"I'll take the liberty of closing that door behind you, however."

"Now, then, Mr. Everton, I'm going to take the liberty of asking you a few questions."

"B-ba Jawwe!"

"You are the son and heir of the late banker, Shirley Everton?"

"Ya-as, doncherknow, but—"

"Wait a moment, I'm not done yet by any means. Your father left you about two million dollars, I think."

"B-ba Jawwe! by what right—"

"Oh, you needn't worry about that question if you don't want to; I know that he did. Now you don't happen to be master of any trade or profession, do you?"

The young Anglomaniac glared at his visitor in indignation.

"I am Everton, a blawsted tradesman! What do you mean, fellah?"

"Well, I mean that it's just possible that you may have to go to work just as your father did before you, and that before many weeks."

"Sir?"

"Be patient, keep your dress-coat on, and I'll explain. Did your late father leave a will?"

"No."

"Yet you inherited all his property?"

"Ya-as, being next of kin, and my mother being dead, doncherknow."

"But suppose I told you that you were not next of kin, that your late respected father had a double life, that he had another wife whom he married before he married your mother, and that you are no more the rightful heir to his property than I am."

Everton's affected air vanished.

He was no longer an Anglomaniac.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" he hissed.

"In such a case," interrupted Harold, "I never insinuate. But I dare state facts, and I'll give you those I possess in a nutshell. You are not your father's legal heir, for the reason that your mother was not his legal wife. He had another wife, whom he married years before he met your mother. That wife left a child, a girl, who is the true heir to Shirley Everton's estate."

"The proofs of this infamous story!" hissed

Everton, with pallid lips.

"I never insinuate—"

"Tell me, what's the proof?"

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

MY DEAR COMFORT BOYS:

A NOTHER season is upon us; how fast time passes, only a short time ago I closed up shop for the Summer, but I have not been idle, on the contrary have devoted much time and large quantities of "gray matter" planning and working to produce a larger and better column for the coming winter. For every monthly installment I have worked up ideas that are practical, terse and of value to all.

I have tried, tested or made everything described; each month new ideas will be treated upon, suitable to the season. For example we start with a Lawn or Porch Seat, there will be many days yet when this will be useful and much enjoyed by the family.

Lawn or Porch Seat

There could scarcely be anything in the line of carpenter work, simpler than this pretty seat which I designed especially for COMFORT's younger boys. Two common flat boards go to make the sides, being cut and marked as shown in drawing. The seat proper is also an ordinary board but instead of being nailed to cleats it is in this case inserted into slots made just large enough to receive it. In addition to this a few long finishing nails may be used. The back is easily managed with the aid of a saw and is fastened in place with brass screws. When complete the bench should be given several coats of paint and then a coat of varnish, and the convenient seat is ready for use.

Care of Tools

Every metal tool before being put away should be carefully cleaned, dried, and wiped with a rag moistened with kerosene or lard. Saws should always be hung from pegs, planes placed on dry shelves, and bits and chisels dropped into sockets, blades upward. Every boy should have a small box to hold what few tools are needed for an ordinary repair job. As soon as the job is over he should return them to their regular place in the manner described. With a reasonable amount of care a tool should give good service and last a lifetime.

Movable Backstop

If you like baseball and particularly pitching you know how mad your chum is when he has to chase your wild ones down a hot and dusty road. Now a backstop is a handy thing and doubly so when it can be easily moved. You can see at a glance how this one meets the latter requirement and what a dandy it's going to be when you want to change second base to home plate so the sun won't be in the fielders' eyes. As the cut shows, it is simply a strong frame made of scantling, braced at the bottom with slant boards, and set upon flat boards which have each two 3 inch holes. The backstop rests upon the flat boards and stakes are driven through the holes to keep it firm and solid. Common wire netting is used to cover the open parts of the frame. If several boys get together they can easily rig this up in an hour without a penny of expense.

Breaking Glass Bottle Evenly

A bottle or any glass vessel may be broken off evenly in the following manner. First carefully mark all around the bottle at the point you want severed. Then heat a stove poker to a bright red and draw it all along the mark you have made. As soon as possible afterwards drop cold water on the mark and with a loud click the glass will break all around. A tap of the hand will then cause it to fall off. Then with a file round off the sharp edges of the new surface.

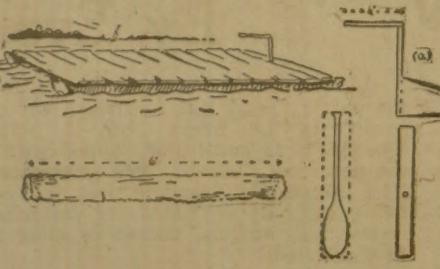
Bench Chest

Here's a tool chest and work bench combined. It should be made of heavy material and of ample dimensions say 5 ft. long, 2 ft. wide, and 2 and a half ft. high. As shown by the accompanying illustration the ends are nailed to the box part and then cleats are put under the box to make it still more firm. A compartment receptacle for nails and screws of different sizes may be placed on the inside.

The top or lid is fastened with three strong hinges. Small blocks with V-shaped slots are nailed on the top to hold a board while being planed. This work bench is recommended for a shed of limited size and may be taken out in the shade when the weather is warm, making work more comfortable.

Raft

I do not need to tell you the fun that may be enjoyed with this raft. One glance, I think, is all the information you need. Get two logs, the heavier the better and drag them to the water's edge. Saw them off to a length of about six feet, slightly taper the ends from the water line upwards, and nail on cross pieces to



within six inches of each end. Make a simple rudder as shown in "a", stick the stem up through a hole in the rear cross board, nail on a two foot piece for a handle and we are off. The paddles may be made of any flat pieces, wide barrel staves of light material being about the best.

Chemical Experiment

One way to create cold is to absorb heat out of the air and this is the object of all freezing mixtures. Common sal-ammoniac, well pulverized, one part; salt-peter, two parts; mix well together. Then take ordinary soda well pulverized. To use, take equal quantities of these preparations (they must be kept covered and separate until used) and add enough water to make a nice mixture. Put the article to be frozen in a tight vessel sealed tightly and then place it in the mixture described and cover up the freezing pot. No matter how hot the weather is in a short time your article will be frozen solid.

Making Perfume

By the plan given here you can make any perfume and should have no trouble in disposing of it for a good price. Take roses or any scented flowers and place them in a clean glazed vessel, sprinkling common salt on each layer of a half inch thickness. When the vessel is filled seal it tightly and place it in a cool dark place. In about five weeks strain the juice through gauze, bottle it, and expose it to the sun and dew to purify. This makes a very valuable and powerful perfume one drop of which will impart a strong scent to a pint of water.

Pop Corn

If you live in a town of any considerable size you can make plenty of pocket money selling pop corn. The way it is prepared is too simple to need any explanation. The selling is just as simple if you are of the right caliber. Be very careful to have your product of the highest quality and go to meet the trains, to the post office, and wherever and whenever crowds gather. The percentage of profit is very large and the work is light and pleasant.

Now, boys, if you will busy yourselves with the things I have suggested for this month, I will prepare some more for September.

Write me of your troubles and together we will straighten them out in quick order.

As ever,

Yours Uncle John.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Florence, your letter is not very lengthy, nor very interesting as a whole, and like most of the cousins you write with a lead pencil and from this I infer that pens and ink have not penetrated into the wilds of Oklahoma. Never mind, Florence, your letter contains one piece of information that has got all the medical authorities in the U. S. woofy. Florence, you have discovered a new disease, and that is as great a distinction as discovering a new continent. The disease I refer to is the chicken-box. This is something new in the disease line, and I want you to tell us where your friends caught this chickenbox, and how long it took them to get over it. Was it a tin box, or a wooden box? Of course if it was a small box they could get over it in a minute, but if this particular chicken box happened to be of an extra large size, they might take several days to get over it. Possibly they would have to construct ladders, or inflate balloons or airships before they could get over it. I have had any number of diseases, such as hydrophobia, housemaid's knee, leprosy, spinal Mc. Guinness, appendicitis of the overalls, paralysis of the pocketbook, lockjaw of the collar button, influenza of the tooth brush, bunions on the teeth, inflammation of the suit case, and other slight ailments of that kind, but never, no never, did I have the chicken box. I had an elephant's trunk once, but never a chicken's box. Medical men are greatly excited. Florence, over this matter, and I trust you will at once furnish all the additional information you can about the disease. I can't find your bonnet, it has got mislaid, probably you left it in the chicken box.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

The letter which appeared in the June issue over the signature of Charles Ehardt, Atlanta, Texas, seems to have been written by one who did not want to have fun at the expense of the original Mr. Ehardt. We regret deeply that this letter got into print, but we are entirely at the mercy (as are all other papers) of the practical joker, as it is utterly impossible to verify the authorship of the thousands of letters that reach us daily. All letters are accepted by us in good faith, but we cannot guarantee the genuineness of these communications, nor will we be responsible for the contents. This is the first time, however, since this department was started, that we have been imposed upon, and considering the tons of letters we have received, and the scores we have printed in the four and a half years this League has been in existence, we think this is a pretty good record. In conclusion let me say that those people who indulge in this contemptible and despicable form of joking may find it expensive to do so.

Those who have been imposed upon by this

headaches, blues and all the other horrors we particular poor creatures are worried with. And then the indescribable pleasure of watching your vegetation grow! I go out lots of times and look at nasturtiums, sweet peas, scarlet runners, etc., etc., as well as all my kitchen vegetables and it does me good, for it was all earned by sheer hard work, doubly hard considering I'm lame. That's better than sitting indoors wondering why you weren't blessed with the physical abilities denied to you.

H. Stanley Bent, a partial shut-in, would be pleased to receive scraps of anything. Perforated cardboard, canvas with silk or wool to work with, beads or flower slips, or anything to occupy idle moments.

Continued success to the Sisters' Corner.

H. STANLEY BENT, Turbine, Tenn.

DEAR READERS:

I may be wrong but I firmly believe where a husband and wife are childless it is their duty to act as father and mother to some orphan children. Insensibly, childless couples grow very selfish. They do not realize it, and would deny the charge, but nevertheless they do. Nothing expands the heart of men and women like the love of a little child. Contributions to homes for orphans is well, but better take them to your own home and give them the love and sympathy the little hearts crave. You may think you cannot love other people's children but if you try it you will be convinced you can.

I knew a gentleman once who adopted an orphan boy from a home and when the boy was grown his adopted father told me, "I would not take a million dollars in gold for him," and yet the adopted father in question, had children of his own.

I never read a notice of a mother's death, but I send a prayer to my Father asking Him to raise up someone to love and care for the children left behind. You may say you are not fitted to raise children. Neither am I, but God sent me eight children, though afterwards he called back two. You may say, the children you adopt may turn out badly. They may, but that does not lessen your duty. I have known Christian parents whose children turned out badly, and I have known children of sin who became fine men and women. We can never tell. If possible, take more than one child. One will warm your hearts, but there is danger of that one growing up narrow and selfish, the very sins you wish to avoid. I knew a mother who had only one child. To keep him from being selfish she taught him to give a portion of every dainty that he received to her. Selfishness is a sin, and young people are more than apt to be selfish, and not realize it at all. "Bachelors' wives and maiden children are always well-bred" and childless people have no patience with their neighbors' noisy little folks, but when they love little ones belonging to them, the faults of other children do not appear so great.

I knew two rich girls who could not adopt children. They each selected a little girl in a home to clothe and they made and carried clothing to the two when needed. I do not approve of this plan as the other children felt neglected, but if a few well-to-do girls would band together and make clothes and other things for little children in homes, and some not in homes for orphans, they would find a keener pleasure in life. They could meet together and sew and take home the unfinished pieces to sew on as they felt inclined.

How many of you, who own carriages, stop and gather up the little ones who gaze at you as you pass, wishing themselves in your place? And many a tired woman would thank you for a turn in some country road or in the parks. Anywhere to get out of the rut. If you sit and think awhile, you whom God has entrusted with wealth, you can find many ways to do good and make others happy. You who can sing well would give pleasure to some poor shut-in by singing for them. You who can read well, can find those who cannot read at all, and life would feel worth living. There is nothing that can make you love God so well as making other people happy, doing good to those who cannot repay, and following the Bible verse, "Give to those that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow turn not thou away." In His Name.

LAURIE K. HAYGOOD, 701 N. Wayne St., Millidgeville, Ga.

DEAR SISTERS:

Although I have been a reader of COMFORT for quite a while, my daughter being a subscriber.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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Answer quickly, before we get an agent in your town; you will then get all of our great inducements. If you would like to be our agent tell us about yourself. Address, Dept. H.

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago, Ill.

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell gives Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When he goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together.

Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried and unwilling to admit the years. Jerry Blue annoys Mehitable.

Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot a deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke asks the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurst's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mehitable meets him. Jerry relates his adventures and reckons he's in search of a wife. Dick Clarke meets Squire Parkhurst, and tells him he is a lawyer by profession. Though Squire Parkhurst lives in the wilderness, Dick Clarke knows he was born to wealth. Inheriting fifty thousand dollars from his father, his investments fail and he leaves New York. His daughter takes the change more kindly than he. Mr. Parkhurst is anxious and ready to hear anything he may have to say. Dick Clarke promises nothing he cannot perform.

Dick Clarke buys, at auction, an antique desk belonging to Squire Parkhurst's father. He discovers a hidden drawer, containing a paper, which tells the place of concealment of a large fortune left by Squire Parkhurst's father. Dick Clarke thinks the finder should receive some reward and seeks the hand of Mabel Parkhurst. Her father yields so much that he agrees to give him the marriage portion, ten thousand dollars. Dick Clarke refuses the sum, without Mabel for his bride. He knows where the money is concealed. Jerry's opinion of Dick Clarke is not favorable. He thinks he has seen him before at Dan Cass's, or the poorhouse. Jerry starts fishing; he meets Henry Davenport who inquires for Mabel. He finds her near the wilderness home. He declares his love, and steals the first kiss. Jerry, perched on one of the upper branches, witnesses all.

Henry and Mabel agree to make their love known to their parents. Mabel asks to see her father alone. Mehitable's curiosity is aroused. Mr. Parkhurst makes known to Mabel the object of Dick Clarke's visit, and she tells of her love for Henry Davenport. If she marries Henry Davenport he may never recover his property. Mabel insists he be given what her father intends for her, and not ask her to surrender all the happiness of her life to this man's keeping. She loves Henry Davenport, as for this man she only does not love, but she believes she begins to hate him. She will see him herself, and beseech him to take her from the hard choice of sacrificing herself and bringing unhappiness to her father. Mabel calls. The condition of restoring her father's property relates to herself, and it is impossible for her father to comply with it. Her heart is won by Henry Davenport. She urges Dick Clarke to accept a part of the money, it is in his power to place in her father's hands. It's a proposition he cannot consider. Mabel bids him good morning. Clarke admires her pride.

Long Arrow, an Indian, has a daughter Waurega, who must be the wife of one brave and skillful. The formidable rival is Indian John. Okanaga is the favored suitor. Indian John yields to temptation and becomes unconscious from drink. The rivals gather and Okanaga gains the coveted prize, and leads Waurega to his wigwam. Another scene is enacted where Indian John lives. His father goes to his son's lodge; he lifts his tomahawk when he fancies he sees a resemblance in his son's face to the mother ten years dead and his arm fails to his side. He upbraids his son, he is not a warrior—he is only a dog. John denies the accusation, and his father reiterates: "Let him go and live among dogs—he has no son," and the Indian replies, "John has no father!" Indian John feels the need of food, and shoots a deer. Dick Clarke fires a musket and claims the deer as his victim. The Indian asserts it is his. Clarke offers him money if he will say nothing about it and displays gold as well as silver. John snatches the pocketbook with one hand and pinches Clarke's arm and ties him hand and foot with a cord. He secures the gold and silver and throws the pocketbook away containing the valuable information relating to the hidden treasure. Jerry goes fishing. Coming home he finds the pocketbook containing the paper left by Mabel's grandfather. Jerry meets Henry Davenport. He would give five hundred dollars if he could put his eyes on the paper. Jerry thinks he will take the money now and he lets Henry Davenport read the paper. Mehitable is in search of some peculiar herb hears a call and discovers Richard Clarke as Indian John leaves him. She has nothing to fear if she releases him. She reveals her love for Clarke and invites him to the house. He must keep on the track of Indian John. Failing to find the papers he thinks the Indian destroys them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MABEL AND HER FATHER.

MR. PARKHURST was not a man of strong mind or strong feelings. When he was angry or disturbed, instead of blazing out in a sudden fit of passion he indulged himself and annoyed others by a fit of sulken gloom, or peevish irritability, during the continuance of which it was quite impossible for anyone to please him.

It was in this way that he revenged himself for his daughter's firm determination not to sacrifice herself to Clarke for the sake of restoring her father to the position he coveted.

Without directly reproving her for this resolve, he showed by his manner that he was disappointed and offended with her for her refusal.

For example, at the breakfast-table one morning, Mabel asked her father if she should not pass him the plate of biscuit.

He responded with a deep sigh, "No, I have no appetite."

"Are you unwell?"

"I shall be soon if the mind has any effect upon the body," said Mr. Parkhurst gloomily.

Mabel was silent, well knowing to what her father referred.

"I feel that this life is wearing upon me," he continued in a melancholy tone. "My temperament and my tastes unfit me for living in the wilderness. There is not a moment when the life and the old life I led there are out of my mind."

"Don't you think you would enjoy yourself better if you went about more?" asked Mabel. "There are some very pleasant families about here."

"I have no spirits to go out," said the parent, "I should only carry gloom wherever I went."

"You think so now, father, but I think you would find your spirits imperceptibly rising."

"You know nothing about it, child. It may do for you who are young and can adapt yourself to new scenes, but for me it is impossible. I am like an old tree which has been violently torn up by the roots and removed to an incongenial soil."

"As it will inevitably die, so I look forward to but a short time spent in wretchedness, after which death will come as a happy release."

"Do not give yourself up to such gloomy fancies, father," said Mabel in deep distress.

"You make me unhappy."

"I am sorry to blight your happiness, but it will be only for a short time. I shall pass away, and in the happiness of married life you will forget me."

"Oh, father, how can you talk so?" remonstrated Mabel in deep concern.

"I do not speak thus to reproach you," said Mr. Parkhurst in the tone of a martyr. It may be remarked that although he had declined to receive a biscuit when proffered by his daughter, he had helped himself, and in spite of his despondence was eating with apparent relish.

"I do not say this to reproach you," he proceeded. "I suppose it is only natural that the young should be wholly wrapped up in themselves and in their own plans, and so forget those who have passed before them on the stage of life. You are only like the rest. And perhaps it is as well. I have no desire to act as a kill-joy to your happiness, and though I am wretched myself, I have no disposition to interfere with your enjoyment of life."

"But how can I enjoy life when I see you so unhappy, father? Is there nothing I can do to restore you to cheerfulness?"

"There is but one thing," said her father, "and that is a thing which I shall not ask of you. If any sacrifice is to be made, it is best that I should make it. You have more years to live than I, and it is best that I should go to the grave rather than interfere with any of your plans."

This was setting the conduct of Mabel in an odious light, and under the cover of resignation really taxing her with selfishness and disregard of her father's happiness, while at the same time it undervalued the sacrifice which was demanded of her.

"Interfering with any of your plans," was certainly a mild way of expressing a marriage with one whom not only she did not love, but for whom she felt a positive repugnance.

"You mean that I can help you only by marrying Mr. Clarke," said Mabel with a troubled expression.

"That is the only way which will restore me to my former place in society, and so prolong my life!" said Mr. Parkhurst. "But I am not so selfish as to require it at your hands. You would prefer to marry Henry Davenport, and I do not wish to influence your choice. To one at my age a few years more or less of life make little difference, and freely confess that if, as it appears likely, my life is to be spent in this wilderness, I would prefer to die. Life can have no charms for me. It will at least be a consolation to me"—this was said in his gloomiest manner—"to feel that my daughter has nothing to interfere with her happiness."

"Belonging of course to Mr. Clarke?"

"Yes, his name was upon it."

"Could he have dropped it?"

"Hardly, for it seemed to be empty, so far as money is concerned. The probability is that it was stolen from him, and the pocketbook and paper thrown away after the money had been taken. But there is Mehitable coming to the house in a high state of excitement apparently. What can have happened?"

Mehitable. It will be remembered, was just from the woods where she had accomplished the delivery of the lawyer. It was altogether too remarkable an adventure for her to keep to herself, and she accordingly rushed into the presence of her young mistress in a fever of excitement, intent upon telling all that had befallen her.

"What is the matter, Mehitable?" asked Mabel in some curiosity. "I judge from your manner that something remarkable has occurred."

"So there has, Miss Mabel. Something so surprising, and just to think that I should have seen the means of delivering him from his bonds."

"Him? Whom do you mean by him?" asked Henry Davenport with sudden interest, suspecting the truth.

"Why, Mr. Clarke to be sure; the gentleman that is boarding to the tavern. Oh, he has such sweet pretty manners!"

"You seem to be quite in love with him, Mehitable."

"Me!" simpered Mehitable. "How can you talk so, Miss Mabel! And to be sure, if I did, it would not be surprising, for he was so attentive. You can't think how polite and attentive he was. I would prefer to die. Life can have no charms for me. It will at least be a consolation to me"—this was said in his gloomiest manner—"to feel that my daughter has nothing to interfere with her happiness."

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S.T. E L M O

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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CHAPTER XXXVI. (CONTINUED.)

DURING the two days that succeeded the death of Felix, Edna did not leave her room; and without her knowledge Mrs. Andrews administered opiates that stupefied her. Late on the morning of the third she awoke, and lay for some time trying to collect her thoughts. Her mind was clouded, but gradually it cleared, and she strained her ears to distinguish the low words spoken in the apartment next to her own. She remembered, as in a feverish dream, all that passed on the night that Felix died; and pressing her hand over her aching forehead, she rose and sat on the edge of her bed.

The monotonous sounds in the neighboring room swelled louder for a few seconds, and now she heard very distinctly the words: "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."

She shivered, and wrapped around her shoulders a bright blue shawl that had been thrown over the foot of the bed.

Walking across the floor, she opened the door, and looked in.

The boy's body had been embalmed, and placed in a coffin which rested in the center of the room; and an English clergyman, a friend of Mr. Manning's, read the burial service.

Mrs. Andrews and Hattie were weeping in one corner and Mr. Manning leaned against the window, with his hand on Lila's curls. As the door swung open and Edna entered, he looked up.

Her dressing gown of gray merino trailed on the marble floor, and her bare feet gleamed like ivory, as one hand caught up the soft merino folds sufficiently to enable her to walk. Over the blue shawl streamed her beautiful hair, making the wan face look even more ghastly by contrast with its glossy jet masses.

She stood irresolute, with her calm, mournful eyes riveted on the coffin, and Mr. Manning saw her pale lips move as she staggered toward it. He sprang to meet and intercept her, and she stretched her hands in the direction of the corpse, and smiled strangely, murmuring like one in a troubled dream:

"You need not be afraid, little darling, 'there is no night there.'"

She reeled and put her hand to her heart, and would have fallen, but Mr. Manning caught and carried her back to her room.

For two weeks she hovered on the borders of eternity; and often the anxious friends who watched her, felt that they would rather see her die than endure the suffering through which she was called to pass.

She bore it silently, meekly, and when the danger seemed over, and she was able to sleep without the aid of narcotics. Mrs. Andrews could not bear to look at the patient white face, so hopelessly calm.

No allusion was made to Felix, even after she was able to sit up and drive; but once, when Mr. Manning brought her some flowers, she looked sorrowfully at the snowy orange-blossoms, whose strong perfume made her turn paler, and said faintly:

"I shall never love them or violets again. Take them away, Hattie, out of my sight; put them on your brother's grave. They smell of death."

From that day she made a vigorous effort to rouse herself, and the boy's name never passed her lips; though she spent many hours over a small manuscript which she found among his books, directed to her for revision. "Tales for Little Cripples" was the title he had given it, and she was surprised at the beauty and pathos of many of the sentences. She carefully revised and rewrote it, adding a brief sketch of the young writer, and gave it to his mother.

About a month after Felix's death the government seemed to have recovered her physical strength, and Mrs. Andrews announced her intention of going to Germany. Mr. Manning had engagements that called him to France, and, on the last day of their stay at Genoa, he came as usual to spend the evening with Edna.

A large budget of letters and papers had arrived from America; and when he gave her the package containing her share, she glanced over the directions, threw them unopened into a heap on the table, and continued the conversation in which she was engaged, concerning the architecture of the churches in Genoa.

Mrs. Andrews had gone to the vault where the body of her son had been temporarily placed, and Edna was alone with the temporar-

"You ought to look into your papers; they contain very gratifying intelligence for you. Your last book has gone through ten editions, and your praises are chanted all over your native land. Surely, if ever a woman had adulation enough to render her perfectly happy and pardonedly proud, you are the fortunate reader. Already your numerous readers are inquiring when you will give them another book."

She leaned her head back against her chair, and the little hands caressed each other as they rested on her knee, while her countenance was eloquent with humble gratitude for the success that God had permitted to crown her efforts; but she was silent.

"Do you intend to write a book of travels, embracing the incidents that have marked your tour? I see the public expect it."

"No, sir. It seems now a mere matter of course that all scribblers who come to Europe, should afflict the reading world with an account of what they saw or failed to see. So many noble books have been already published, thoroughly describing this continent, that I have not the temerity, the presumption to attempt to re-touch the grand old world-pictures. At present, I expect to write nothing. I want to study some subjects that greatly interest me, and I shall try to inform and improve myself, and keep silent until I see some phase of truth neglected, or some new aspect of error threatening mischief in society. Indeed, I have great cause for gratitude in my literary career. At the beginning I felt apprehensive that I was destined to sit always under the left hand of fortune, whom Michael Angelo designed as a lovely woman seated on a revolving wheel, throwing crowns and laurel wreaths from her right hand, while only thorns dropped in a sharp, stinging shower from the other; but, after a time, the wheel turned, and now I feel only the soft patterning of the laurel leaves. God knows I do most earnestly appreciate His abundant blessing upon what I have thus far striven to effect; but, until I see my way clearly to some subject of importance which a woman's hand may touch, I shall not take up my pen. Books seem such holy things to me, destined to plead either for or against their creators in the final tribunal, that I dare not lightly or hastily attempt to write them; and I cannot help thinking that the author who is less earnestly and solemnly impressed with the gravity, and I may almost say, the sanctity of his or her work, is unworthy of it, and of public confidence. I dare not, even if I could, dash off articles and books as the rorer shakes water-drops from his oars; and I numbly acknowledge that what success I

may have achieved is owing to hard, faithful work. I have received so many kind letters from children, that some time, if I live to be wise enough, I want to write a book especially for them. I am afraid to attempt it just now; for it requires more mature judgment and experience, and greater versatility of talent to write successfully for children than for grown persons. In the latter, one is privileged to assume native intelligence and cultivation; but the tender, untutored minds of the former permit no such margin; and this fact necessitates clearness and simplicity of style, and power of illustration that seem to me very rare. As yet, I am conscious of my incapacity for the mission of preparing juvenile books; but perhaps, if I study closely the characteristics of young people, I shall learn to understand them more thoroughly. So much depends on the proper training of our American youth, especially in view of the great political questions that now agitate the country, that I confess I feel some anxiety on the subject."

"But, Edna, you will not adhere to your resolution of keeping silent. The public is a merciless taskmaster; your own ambition will scourge you on; and having once put your hand to the literary plough, you will not be allowed to look back."

"Yes, sir; but he that plougheth should plough in hope! Mean time, I am resolved to plough no crooked, shallow furrows on the hearts of our people."

At length, when Mr. Manning rose to say good night, he looked gravely at the governess, and asked:

"Edna, cannot Lila take the vacant place in your sad heart?"

"It is not vacant, sir. Dear memories walk to and fro therein, weaving garlands of immortelles—singing sweet tunes of days and years—that can never die. Hereafter, I shall endeavor to entertain the precious guests I have already, and admit no more. The past is the realm of my heart; the present and future the kingdom where my mind must dwell, and my hands labor."

With a sigh he went away, and she took up the letters and began to read them. Many were from strangers, and they greatly cheered and encouraged her; but finally she opened one, whose superscription had until this instant escaped her cursory glance. It was from Mr. Hammond, and contained an account of Mr. Murray's ordination. She read and reread it, with a half-bewildered expression in her countenance, for the joy seemed far too great for credence. She looked again at the date and signature, and passing her hand over her brow, wondered if there could be any mistake. The paper fell into her lap, and a cry of delight rang through the room.

"Saved—purified—consecrated to God's holy work? A minister of Christ? O most merciful God! I thank Thee! My prayers are answered with a blessing I never dared to hope for, or even to dream of! Can I ever, ever be grateful enough? A pastor, holding up pure hands! Thank God! My sorrows are all ended now; there is no more grief for me. Ah! what a glory breaks upon the future! What though I never see his face in this world? I can be patient indeed; for now I know, oh! I know that I shall surely see it yonder!"

She sank on her knees at the open window, and wept for the first time since Felix died. Happy, happy tears mingled with broken words of rejoicing, that seemed a foretaste of heaven.

Her heart was so full of gratitude and exultation that she could not sleep, and she sat down and looked over the sea, while her face was radiant and tremulous. The transition from patient hopelessness and silent struggling—this most unexpected and glorious fruition of the prayers of many years—was so sudden and intoxicating, that it completely unnerved her.

She could not bear this great happiness as she had borne her sorrows, and now and then she smiled to find tears gushing afresh from her beaming eyes.

One darling rose-hued dream of her life was to establish a free school and circulating library in the village of Chattanooga; and keeping this hope ever in view, she had denied herself all superfluous luxuries, and jealously hoarded her savings.

She felt now that, should she become an invalid and incapable of writing or teaching, the money made by her books, which Mr. Andrews had invested very judiciously, would at least supply her with the necessities of life.

One evening she held her weekly reception as usual, though she had complained of not feeling quite well that day.

A number of carriages stood before Mrs. Andrews' door, and many friends who laughed and talked to the governess little dreamed that it was the last time they would spend an evening together in her society. Edna had never conversed more brilliantly, and the auditors thought her voice was richer and sweeter than ever, as she sang the last song and rose from the piano.

The guests took their departure—the carriages rolled away.

Mrs. Andrews ran up to her room, and Edna paused in the brilliantly lighted parlors to read a note, which had been handed to her during the evening.

Standing under the blazing chandelier, the face and figure of this woman could not fail to excite interest in all who gazed upon her.

She was dressed in plain black silk, which exactly fitted her form, and in her hair glowed clusters of scarlet geranium flowers. A spray of red fuchsia was fastened by the beautiful stone cameo that confined her lace collar; and she wore no other ornaments.

Felix had given her these bracelets as a Christmas present, and after his death she never took them off; for inside he had his name and hers engraved, and between them the word "Mizpah."

Tonight the governess was very weary, and the fair, sweet face wore its childlike expression of mingled hopelessness, and perfect patience, and indescribable repose. As she read, the tired look passed away, and over her pallid features, so daintily sculptured, stole a faint glow, such as an ivory Niope might borrow from the buttering crimson folds of silken shroudings. The peaceful lips stirred also and the low tone was full of pathos as she said:

"How very grateful I ought to be. How much I have to make me happy, to encourage me to work diligently and faithfully. How comforting it is to feel that parents have sufficient confidence in me to be willing to commit their children to my care. What more can I wish? My cup is brimmed with blessings. Ah! why am I not entirely happy?"

The note contained the signatures of six wealthy gentlemen, who requested her acceptance of a tasteful and handsome house, on condition that she would consent to undertake the education of their daughters, and permit them to pay her a liberal salary.

It was a flattering tribute to the clearness of her intellect, the soundness of her judgment, the extent of her acquirements, and the purity of her heart.

While she could not accede to the proposition, she appreciated most gratefully the generosity and good opinion of those who made it.

Twisting the note between her fingers, her eyes fell on the carpet, and she thought of all her past; of the sorrows, struggles, and heartaches—the sleepless nights and weary, joyless days—first of adverse, then of favorable criticism; of toiling, hoping, dreading, praying; and now, in the peaceful zenith of her triumph, popularity, and usefulness.

The note fluttered to the floor, the hands folded themselves together, and she raised her eyes to utter an humble, fervent "Thank God!" But the words froze on her lips; for as she looked up, she saw Mr. Murray standing a few feet from her.

"God has pardoned all my sins, and accepted me as a laborer worthy to enter His vineyard. Is Edna Earl more righteous than the Lord she worships?"

His face was almost as pale as hers, and his voice trembled as he extended his arms toward her.

She stood motionless, looking up at him with eyes that brightened until their joyful radiance

seemed indeed unearthly; and the faint, delicate blush on her cheeks deepened and burned, as with a quivering cry of gladness that told volumes, she hid her face in her hands.

He came nearer, and the sound of his low, mellow voice thrilled her heart as no other music ever had done.

"Edna, have you a right to refuse me forgiveness, when the blood of Christ has purified me from the guilt of other years?"

She trembled and said brokenly:

"Mr. Murray, you never wronged me—and I have nothing to forgive."

"Do you still believe me an unprincipled hypocrite?"

"Oh! no, no, no!"

"Do you believe that my repentance has been sincere, and acceptable to my insulted God? Do you believe that I am now as faithfully endeavoring to serve Him, as a remorseful man possibly can?"

"I hope so, Mr. Murray."

"Edna, can you trust me now?"

Some seconds elapsed before she answered, and then the words were scarcely audible.

"I trust you."

"Thank God!"

There was a brief pause, and she heard a heavily-drawn sigh escape him.

"Edna, it is useless to tell you how devotedly I love you, for you have known that for years; and yet you have shown my love no mercy. But perhaps if you could realize how much I need your help in my holy work, how much more I could accomplish in the world if you were with me, you might listen, without steeling yourself against me, as you have so long done. Can you, will you trust me fully? Can you be a minister's wife, and aid him as only you can? Oh, my darling, my darling! I never expect to be worthy of you! But you can make me less unworthy! My own darling, come to me."

He stood within two feet of her, but he was—too humble? Nay, nay, too proud to touch her without permission.

Her hands fell from her crimson cheeks, and she looked up at the countenance of her king.

In her fond eyes he seemed noble and sanctified, and worthy of all confidence; and as he opened his arms once more, she glided into them and laid her head on his shoulder, whispering:

"Oh! I trust you! I trust you fully!"

Standing in the close, tender clasp of his strong arms, she listened to a narration of his grief and loneliness, his hopes and fears, his desolation and struggles and prayers during their long separation. Then for the first time she learned that he had come more than once to New York, solely to see her, having exalted a promise from Mr. Manning that he would not betray his presence in the city. He had followed her at a distance as she wandered with the children through the Park; and, once in the ramble, stood so close to her, that he put out his hand and touched her dress. Mr. Manning had acquainted him with all that had ever passed between them on the subject of his unsuccessful suit; and during her sojourn in Europe, had kept him regularly advised of the state of her health.

At last, when Mr. Murray bent his head to press his lips again to hers, he exclaimed in the old, pleading tone that had haunted her memory for years:

"Edna, with all your meekness you are willingly proud. You tell me you trust me, and you nestle your dear head here on my shoulder—why won't you say what you know so well I am longing, hungering to hear? Why won't you say, 'St. Elmo, I love you?'"

The glowing face was only pressed closer.

"My little darling!"

"Oh, Mr. Murray! could I be here."

"Well, my stately Miss Earl! I am waiting most respectfully to allow you an opportunity of expressing yourself."

No answer.

He laughed as she had heard him once before, when he took her in his arms and dared her to look into his eyes.

"When I heard your books extolled; when I heard your praises from men, women, and children; when I could scarcely pick up a paper without finding some mention of your name; when I came here tonight, and paced the pavement, whenever and wherever I have heard your dear name uttered, I have been exultingly proud! For I knew that the heart of the people's pet was mine! I gloried in the consciousness, which alone strengthened and comforted me, that, despite all that the public could offer you, despite the adulation of other men, and despite my utter unworthiness, my own darling was true to me! that you never loved anyone but St. Elmo Murray! And as God reigns above us, His happy world holds no man so grateful, so happy, so proud as I am! No man so resolved to prove himself worthy of his treasure! Edna, looking back across the dark years that have gone so heavily over my head, and comparing you, my pure, precious darling, with that woman, whom in my boyhood I selected for my life-companion, I know not whether I am most humble, or grateful, or proud!

"Ah! who am I, that God hath saved Me from the doom I did desire.

"To set me high?"

"What have I done that he should bow From heaven to choose a wife for me?"

"And what deserved, he should endow My home with THEE?"

As Mr. Hammond was not able to take the fatiguing journey North, and Edna would not permit anyone else to perform her marriage ceremony, she sent Mr. Murray home without her, promising to come to the parsonage as early as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were deeply pained by the intelligence of her approaching departure, and finally consented to accompany her on her journey.

The last day of the orphan's sojourn in New York was spent at the quiet spot where Felix slept his last sleep; and it caused her keen grief to bid good by to his resting-place, which was almost as dear to her as the grave of her grandfather. Their affection had been so warm, so sacred, that she clung fondly to his memory; and it was not until she reached the old village depot, where carriages were waiting for the party, that the shadows of that day entirely left her countenance.

In accordance with her own request, Edna did not see Mr. Murray again until the hour appointed for their marriage.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

all about it. I cannot give you the grip from here, but can and do welcome you to our beautiful order. Masonry is beautiful, did you ever hear the poem, "The Building of Solomon's Temple?" "The temple with its wondrous strength hath yielded unto time, The brotherhood that flourished there, still lives and lasts sublime."

Mrs. Lawrence. Did you receive the package I forwarded to you?

A. M. H., Wyoming. The bears duly received, thanks. Where have you been so long Allan?

Mrs. J. S. McLead writes me that she has given a home and a mother's love to two little homeless ones. God bless you sister!

Laurie. God bless your dear boy. Bread cast upon the waters like that will return an hundred-fold.

Mrs. Della Tucker. Yours received, thanks very much, you will hear from me later, I am entirely out of flower seeds so cannot send any more this year. I shall think of all of my girls this summer when the flowers are in bloom.

Mrs. Lawrence. So you are living in the garden spot of Texas, too? That is like the authors of the "Beautiful Snow" very numerous, but there was that very thing about your letter that I admired, a love of home, and your surroundings. "Contentment" is surely depicted in both the above letters. Mrs. L. has three lovely children and the very best of husbands, and more than all is perfectly contented with Comfort; dear old "Comfort" how many friends you have. In every mail come letters "I am a young housekeeper, I could not get along without my 'Comfort', it is such a help." Mrs. L. I certainly trust that you will get St. Elmo. It should be in every library.

A brighter letter from Mrs. M. Lillian Perkins, Hunlock Creek, Pa. (A clergyman's widow); with what courage and fortitude, she is passing through her Gethsemane, appreciating and thankful for the favors she has received from the readers of this Christian paper. When you write her be liberal, inclose a couple of stamps.

Contentment, can further be brought into our corner, by all of us when we write asking a favor (be it ever so small), to inclose stamped directed envelope; social, friendly letters, just to wile away the time in another matter altogether. Here comes a letter from a dear little girl:

"J. A. D. What shall I do. I wrote a letter to the corner soliciting correspondence, stating that I would answer all letters. I have received four hundred and fifty, and they are still coming?" There you are, be careful how we make such promises, we are such an immense family, and very sociable, want to get acquainted, chat, and visit together, but it costs money, so we must look well into our pocketbooks before writing to the corner and promising to "answer all letters." This little lady referred to is very conscientious, and believes in doing just what she says she will, but in this case she positively cannot.

Our dear friend Alice Geiger of Libby Mont., wrote me:

"Comfort always was good, but like old cheese is improving with age. I love to stroll in the woods alone, when not a sound is to be heard to break the stillness, nothing but the distant murmur of the river, ever flowing on and on. I have just completed my first piece of Battenburg. Thanks, Alice, for the pansy seed. Miss Elsie G. Peters, Quaker City, Ohio, thinks she could not exist without Comfort. She is enjoying the music, very much as she is a musician. Don't spend too much time over that patchwork, Elsie dear; if you have a cough, get outdoors into God's blessed pure air; if you must do fancy work, bundle up and sit outside. I should like to see that "Ragged Star" quilt after it is finished.

Mrs. S. I inquired at the Orange post-office regarding those Comforts I sent you, and found they had been sent out with sufficient postage, on them. I also wrote your postmaster, they should have arrived at your post-office. Have you inquired? I feel dreadfully to lose them.

Mrs. Landaker. You have been too liberal, I shall pass some on.

Herbert J. Hippie, whose request for back numbers of Comfort appeared in the February number, is at rest. Here is an extract from his mother's letter to me: "Our dear boy is gone, and oh! how we miss him, he was a helpless invalid but so patient, and cheerful."

"The parents gave, in tears and pain, The flower they most did love; They know they will find him again In the fields of light above, Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The parent came that day, 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flower away."

Those of us who helped to cheer Herbert's suffering life, will feel happier to know we did what we could. Many hearts, I know, will ache in unison with those of the lonely father and mother.

J. A. D. (Mrs. VAN DYKE), Orange, R. F. D., 1, Mass.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Red Raspberry Short-cake

One quart flour, one teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, or one of soda, and two of cream of tartar, one half cup butter, or lard, sift flour, add salt, work in the shortening, baking powder, lastly add milk enough to make good biscuit dough, bake in jelly cake tins. When done, split, butter, and spread with at least a quart of berries, adding sugar and butter plentifully, put on top piece, and repeat the process. I always crush a few berries with sugar and add last, set in oven to heat berries a few moments, and melt the butter; whipped cream can be added if desired.

To Can Red Raspberries

Put the wash boiler on the stove, with small pieces of lath, or shingles in the bottom, fill jars with the berries being careful not to crush them, set them in the boiler and fill the boiler up to three inches of top of jars, with cold water, let boil, in the mean time make a syrup of two cups water to one of sugar, have it boiling hot, and when the berries are at scalding (use a dairy thermometer to ascertain that, by running it down into the jars of berries), fill with the boiling syrup and screw on the tops, removing at once from the boiler. The berries will remain whole, have a beautiful color, and delicious flavor. I have sent this in before, but have had so many calls for it that I am pleased to send it again.

Piccalilli

One peck green tomatoes, chopped fine, put in layers in a jar with layers of salt, let stand over night, drain, and add, eight onions, eight peppers, two large (or three small) heads of cabbage, all chopped fine, whole spices to suit taste, one cup of sugar if you wish, vinegar to make moist enough, heat it all up together. Can be canned or put in a jar, keeps fine.

Mrs. Florence M. Rosenbaum. I am keeping that nice brown bread, and suet pudding recipe for cooler weather.

Buttermilk Bread

Heat one pint of buttermilk, scalding hot, stir into this hot, enough flour to make a tolerably thick batter, and half a gill of yeast (four tablespoonsful liquid), or a Fleischmann's yeast cake. I stir this until light. If you set it over night, take as above, only do not add the yeast, but put in instead, a tablespoonful of white sugar. In the morning stir into this sponge, a tablespoonful of soda, dissolved in a little hot water, a little salt, and six table-

spoonfuls of melted lard, cottolene or whatever shortening you use, work in just enough flour to enable you to handle the dough comfortably; knead well, make into loaves, let rise until light, and bake same as any bread.

Salt-rising Bread

One pint new milk put on the stove and stir into it enough corn meal to make as thick as mush. Set in a warm place all night. In the morning it should be light, put the flour in a bowl, pour in the mush and mix with warm milk and water equal parts: add one tablespoonful of sugar; one teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of soda (always dissolve soda in a little water before adding to any mixture). Make a stiff batter, cover and keep warm. In an hour it should be light. Work in flour to make stiff dough, let it rise, mold in loaves, let rise again and bake.

J. A. D. (Mrs. VAN DYKE).

Requests from Shut-ins

The following would like to be kindly remembered with letters, reading or little souvenirs: Miss Ella M. Butler, Whitford, Chester Co., Pa. Mattie Barnes, Cranberry, R. F. D., 1, Tenn. Mrs. S. C. Julian, Logan, Ind. A. M. Gillingham, Necedah, R. F. D., 1, Wis. Fred Andrews, Clio, Mich. Miss D. Letta Converse, Montone, Ala. Mr. O. C. Elliott, Lancaster, Texas. Miss Carrie Hall, Golden City, R. F. D., 2, Mo. Mrs. Emma Newman, Box 104, Falmouth, Ky. Lydia Underhill, Barlow, Ky. A life-long cripple, now twenty-four years old. Mrs. Hazel Ginder, 128 So. Gleas Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. An elderly woman who has suffered all her life. Mrs. Mary Elliott, Geneva, R. F. D., 1, Ga. A poor, perfectly helpless invalid from paralysis. Miss Bertha Lyrla, Alto Pass, Ill. A girl invalid. Mrs. Wm. Callahan, Webster, Ill. For nineteen years unable to sit up. Maggie Marres, Silverpoint, R. F. D., 2, Tenn. Dear and a cripple for the past fourteen years. Mrs. M. L. Perkins, Hunlock Creek, Luz Co., Pa. A helpless sufferer for the past thirteen years. Mrs. Richard Winn, Hadley, R. F. D., 1, Mich. A rheumatic sufferer for the past three years. Virginia C. Kingry, Rocky Mount, R. F. D., 4, Va. Pieces of linen six by six inches. Miss Hallie J. Duranor, Spencer, R. F. D., 1, Va. Thirteen years old, a shut-in for the past seven years. Ural West, Kelly, Christian Co., Ky. A rheumatic sufferer for eight years. Mrs. M. J. Stuckey, Detroit, Ala. A sufferer from asthma and rheumatism.

Contentment, can further be brought into our corner, by all of us when we write asking a favor (be it ever so small), to inclose stamped directed envelope; social, friendly letters, just to wile away the time in another matter altogether. Here comes a letter from a dear little girl:

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I take this way to thank you all for so kindly remembering me with reading and letters, as I am too poor to write you all personally. You don't know how many lonely hours you have helped pass away.

Mrs. Alice Hodges. Have you got my letter? Wishing COMFORT and all its readers every success,

MRS. ALICE HALLEY, Spencer, R. F. D., 4, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I wish to thank all who responded to my request in COMFORT for reading matter; and especially Miss Belle Reynolds of Forest City, Mo., and Mrs. Businger of Omaha.

God bless them all and may their kindness be returned in ten fold.

MRS. MOLLIE ROTH, Burkett, Miss.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I thank my many friends for the cards, postals, letters, books and magazines, that I have received, and regret I could not answer each one personally, but have not been able, and I do thank each one for their kindness. I hope you all will still remember me, as I am a great sufferer and confined to my bed; anything would be appreciated to help pass the lonely hours.

MRS. A. C. HOTTINGER, Hebron, Ohio.

DEAR FRIENDS, ONE AND ALL:

I want to thank you each for the kindness and sympathy you have shown me, in cheering my lonely life with letters and reading matter. One lady in Wisconsin subscribed for dear old COMFORT for me, I could not make out her name. I was not taking COMFORT, and I thank her so much. I received a dear kind letter from Mrs. Moffet of Oklahoma, and some interesting reading, also from others who did not give their names. I think COMFORT has the noblest band of readers of any paper published. They show their interest and sympathy for the unfortunate by deeds as much as words.

My wish is that each day may bring blessings to each one of our band, and to all who have favored me I would say, remember there is one among the rugged hills of Texas who often thinks of her kind, unknown friends, and has enjoyed their thoughtfulness and kindness more than they will ever know.

MRS. M. J. ELLIOTT, Antelope Gap, Mills Co., Tex.

DEAR COMFORT:

I want to thank the dear sisters and cousins for their kindness to me. I have received nearly two hundred letters, cards, and packages of papers, and many nice pieces for my quilts and fancy work. My health is better now, but I still want you to remember me in your prayers. Through these columns I have surely received comfort, inexpressible. Thanking you all for your kindness I remain, In His name

Mrs. Dora Dickens, Helping Hand Home, Cor. 5th and J. Sts., San Diego, Cal.

Correspondents Wanted

Mrs. Phebe Medora Anthony, Box 28, West Kingstown, R. F. D., 1, R. I. Miss J. A. Stone, Postville, Iowa. Mrs. Lizzie Winters, Fulton, West Mineral, Kans. Miss Iosia Richardson, Box 95, Melburn, Ohio, young people. Mrs. Gertrude Van Alstine, Ulysses, Kansas. Miss Vina Henson, Piedmont, Mo., Aug 7, young people. Mrs. Lula Parrish, Parish, Florida, young married folks. Mrs. S. W. James, Comet, N. C., Aug 2. Miss Belle Pyles, West Frankfort, Ill., especially any one living in Hays, Kansas. Miss June Gerald, Newfoundland, Ky. Mrs. Mattie Whittle, East Lake, Tenn. Mr. Elmon Bruce, Lynnyville, R. F. D., 1, Ky. Miss Helen Kelly, 1427 Deer St., St. Louis, Mo. Roy Moore, Box 241, Holgate, Ohio, young people. Mrs. Laura M. Breeden, Versailles, Star

Only a Girl
or,
From Rags to Riches

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

"They are not for sale—not at present, anyhow. But my silence is."

"And the price?"

"Half a million."

Everton started from his seat.

"Absurd!"

"Is it all right," returned Harold coolly. "It's my price, however, and I'm not to be beaten down."

For some moments Everton was silent.

Then he said:

"I'll tell you what I would pay well for: proof of the girl's death."

"Aha! now you are talking business. If she were dead you'd be in a much safer position than you are now. Well, that might be managed."

"Do you mean that?" cried Everton, leaning forward eagerly.

"If I didn't mean it I wouldn't say it."

"Would you undertake to manage it?"

The answer came with the utmost promptness.

"Yes."

The discussion was carried on until after midnight, and when it was over an infamous compact had been made.

If the plot hatched by these two unscrupulous

villains succeeded, the rightful heiress of the Everton estate would lose not only her property but her life.

The chances seemed all against her. "So far, so good," muttered Harold, as he left the millionaire's house. "There doesn't seem to be a chance of failure. Now if I could only manage to outwit old Stanwix, too—"

He was interrupted by a tap upon the shoulder.

Turning with a start, he found himself confronted by a shabbily dressed old man.

"Stanwix! you here?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, dear boy," replied the old man in a husky voice; "I've been waiting around ever since you went into Everton's house. I felt anxious, you know, about the result of your negotiations—an old man's weakness. And, by the way, you may as well just return me those documents. Not that I distrust you, my dear boy, but something might happen to you."

Harold took the papers, which we have seen him exhibit to Everton, from his pocket, and handed them to the old man, who carefully counted them.

"All here, all here, my dear boy," he said as he deposited them in an inner pocket. "You're an honest lad; but one might have fancied from the way you gave them up that you'd have liked to keep them. But don't be too ambitious, dear boy, or you'll ruin all. You'll get your share for all you do."

"That's all right, Stanwix," interrupted Harold impatiently.

"Of course it's all right, dear boy," whined the old man with an oily smile. "I can't appear in this matter for reasons best known to myself, and so I have engaged you to represent me, knowing that I can trust you as long as I keep a sharp eye on you. But enough of compliments; what arrangements did you make?"

"He wants the papers."

"He can't have them just yet."

"I told him so."

"Well, what else?"

"He wants the girl removed."

"Aha! now we are getting down to business. What will he pay?"

"Half his fortune—a cool million."

"Good! we can afford to. Of course you didn't tell him where the girl was to be found?"

"Why, yes, I did," hesitated Harold. "I had to."

"You fool!" cried Stanwix, in a rage, "a child could have managed the affair better than that. But never mind, never mind," he added, quickly changing his tone; "come what will, the game is in our hands now, and we can't lose."

Madge Mason had been in her new position three days, and she believed herself the happiest girl in New York.

Probably she was.

She was succeeding well in her work, and she had a new home—one far better than any she had ever had before.

Mrs. Straight had fitted up a little hall room for her in the flat.

It was a plain-enough place, and many a girl would have turned up her nose at it, but to this poor child of the streets it was a paradise.

She was so happy and contented that she almost feared she would awaken and find it all a dream.

At last some one cared for her!

Ab! what is the glitter of gold to the sunshine of honest, loving hearts?

Madge



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW are the dog-days when all of us must shelter and perspire and think how pleasant are the sharp cold days of Winter, but cousins, dear, don't you remember when it was cold we wanted it hot? Of course, you do, and so have all the cousins of other years, and they will always, as long as time and seasons shall be. But let us be as happy as we can with what we have and if we try real hard we may be as happy as anybody ever gets in this world, which is right happy sometimes, don't you think? Even when we have to work when we do not want to. So let us go to work.

The first letter is from Cousin Marie of Buckner, Mo., who is in much trouble because she is engaged to two men who refuse to give her up at once to devote herself to a third man whom she thinks she loves. Really it is hard lines for Cousin Marie, and since she has got herself into this trouble, I guess I'll let her get herself out of it. I don't like girls who become engaged to two men at the same time.

July Bride, Avoca, Minn.—Wait till you are twenty-one, then you will know whether you should marry a man who drinks. Love him, if you want to, but don't marry him to reform him.

Brown-eyed Susan, Aurora, Ind.—He is vulgar and does not mean well. Maybe you can reform him, but you cannot by kissing him. Suppose you try more stringent measures and teach him first, good manners. (2) If you really love the man who proposes to you, you will not put him off to see if he will act anxious.

Brown Eyes, Oak Grove, Mo.—Do you think he loves you very much if he goes on living his reckless life and you don't want him to? Can't you find someone to love you whose love means something? (2) Stop loving the man who marries another, and treat him and his wife as friends.

Dot, Buffalo, N. Y.—What you need, my dear, is a little plain common sense. The young man should have answered your letter but did not, and now he wants to explain and apologize. You will not listen to him simply because you think he slighted you. Now that is neither sensible nor Christian. Accept his apology and be friends again. At the same time let him understand that he must use common sense, too. He needs it is much as you do.

Unhappy Girl, Cordova, Ala.—You are quite right in keeping the watch until the young man himself asks you to return it. The matter is entirely between you and him.

Sweet Seventeen, Kitzmiller, Md.—Don't be too anxious about him, and don't let yourself fall too much in love with him until he asks you to marry him. He may mean all right, but let him prove it. Let him come to see you once or twice a week, and every now and then you have an engagement so he cannot come. Keep him on the anxious seat, not yourself. You may accept small presents from him, but nothing valuable.

M. E. C., Williamsburg, Ia.—If he is the gentleman of education and fine breeding you say he is, he is certainly not the kind who will appreciate a girl who knows him only by sight and "loves him just to look at him," and proposes to capture him in her own way. Gentlemen are not looking for that sort of girls, neither are they apt to answer the letter of a girl they do not know. If you cannot meet him properly do not meet him at all. He'll find a way if he wants to know you.

F. P., Metcalf, Ill.—Don't get lost again when you go driving and don't go driving again with that same beau for a year at least. That will rove to your Pa and others that you really did get lost. But I don't believe your beau got lost.

Little Chick, Knoll, Kans.—Don't marry at eighteen, unless you are much more mature than most girls at that age. He is twice your age now, and that is too old, but when you are twenty he will be only eighteen years older than you which is not at all too old, if he is the young sort.

Sweet Sixteen, Mission Valley, Texas.—Ask the young man what he means by putting his arm around you. In the mean time don't let him do as you please about returning it. Most girls would squeeze back, just a weeny teeny bit, anyhow. That isn't very naughty, but you do not have to kiss him how'd y' do good, do you? Suppose you postpone that until you become engaged? What isn't proper now, will be proper then.

Lillie, Thurman, Neb.—The girl may quite properly pin a flower on a man's coat, whether he coaxes her to or not, and though others are present. (2) Gentlemen do not wink at ladies. (3) I don't know what the letters mean.

Gray Eyes, Washingtonboro, Pa.—If he treated one girl badly he will be apt to be no less careful of another, and I think, you should choose better company.

No Name, Lyndon, Ohio.—By no means marry the young man who lets his family do all the work and he have all the fun. That would be your lot if he were your husband. He is no earthly good and somebody ought to take a club to him.

Nineteen, Los Angeles, Cal.—You should have friends, even if you do work hard and are too tired to exert yourself in the evening. Try to be cheerful at your work and make friends among those who work with you. Don't wait for people to make you cheerful, but you try to make others cheerful. It will be hard at first, but you will soon get the habit and people will like you. (2) The lady should ask the man to call. (3) When you are out with your chum and her husband at their invitation he should pay the way. If you go out often with them, you should have an understanding that you pay your own way.

Rosie, Loysville, Pa.—Well, you are a silly girl to fall in love with a wandering picture agent you never saw before and who merely tried to sell you a picture. And what is worse for you, he would think you a good deal sillier than I do. Still you write a good letter and have plenty of plain common sense. Use that in your love affairs and be sensible. (2) Your mother did right in letting the young man know it was time for him to go home. You did better than the other girl.

B

ing the chewer, everything else being all right. (3) Ordinarily the man leads the way. The lady may lead if she knows the way better.

Blue Bell, Duluth, Minn.—It was all right to be friendly with the young fellow and it is all right to go to dances that are nice. It is proper for your intended brother-in-law to stop and take you to your sister to go to a dance.

Patience, Dilworth, Texas.—It seems to me that the young man is neglecting you. Perhaps he doesn't know he is, but he is. He should not let his work interfere with his attention to you, at least enough to let you see he cares for you. Give him a little plain talk on the subject and do not be afraid to say what you think. You have rights that he is bound to respect.

Wondering Girl, Starkville, Miss.—It is merely a flirtation and both of you might as well flirt it out. Neither will be much hurt, I guess.

May Rose, Devil's Lake, N. D.—You should not marry your cousin, and he knows you should not. In most states it is no marriage at all. I fancy he will get over it. You marry somebody else, and give him a chance to try.

R. C., Wilding, W. Va.—Obey your parents about marrying. When you are of age you may do as you please, which doesn't mean that you will marry happily. It is not wise to marry a man whose reputation is not perfectly straight, no matter if you do love him.

Forgetmenot, Norfolk, Conn.—There is nothing for you to do but brave it out as you have been doing. You are foolish to love on hopelessly, the man not caring enough for you to bother his head, or his heart, about you for a minute, and nothing I can say will do any good. By and by, when you can get away, the change will be of benefit.

Bluebells, Cedarville, Ill.—Marry the man and get away from the home where you are unhappy. You can't make things much more uncomfortable than they now are and you are entitled to a chance to try for something better.

Violet, Linton, Ind.—Go on working where you are and when all is ready go to Indianapolis and marry the young man. Don't have anybody at the wedding except the necessary persons, and start out in your new life entirely on your own account and your husband's.

W. T. E. M., Pumpkin Center, Ia.—I think the older man really loves you while the other only thinks he does. In any event the older one wants to marry you and the other is not sure. The twenty-eight-year-old chap is not as reliable as the thirty-six-year-old one, and you are old enough for the older man. My advice is to marry him, but I shall not insist, if you want the other.

Rosey, New Carlisle, Ind.—Nineteen and twenty-one is rather young to marry, especially as a twenty-one-year-old boy is not a man yet. Suppose you wait a couple of years and see it both of you aren't glad you waited.

Sad Heart, Cumberland City, Tenn.—Second cousins may marry, but it is over so much better to go out of the family to marry. You are silly enough now without marrying your cousin.

There, dears, all your questions are answered and I do hope the advice I have given about some of you getting married will be followed. But if it is or not, I surely wish you all well, and may the good Lord watch over us till we meet again. By, by,

Cousin Marion.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Correspondents Wanted

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Route, Indiana. Edward Quinn, 100 Franklin St., Springfield, Mass. Miss L. M. MacHale, Box 25, Constableville, Lewis County, R. F. D. 1, N. Y. Mrs. Burton Bennett, Concord St., Box 197, Ashland, Mass. Aug. 28. Mrs. M. J. Robertson, Burbank, R. F. D. 2, S. Dak., keepakes. Alwilda Ward, 120 West Park Ave., Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. A. G. Eakin, Glen Rock, N. J. Pealie Pittman, Nashville, Indiana. James P. E. M'Kenna, Plantation, Calif., young people. Miss Clara H. Katlow, Box 11, Auburndale, R. F. D. 1, Wis. Mrs. I. Sargent, 335 Broad St., Washington, Pa., Aug. 27. Miss Lora Saurenon, Box 51, Viborg, S. Dak., souvenirs. Mrs. Maggie Benett, Graham, Texas, Aug. 24. Lenora Zwierlein, Requa, Calif., little keepsakes.

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DEMONSTRATOR. Honest man or woman in each county and take charge of other demonstrators. Experience unnecessary. References required. State salary expected. Address MCLEAN, BLACK & CO., 29 PARKMAN BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS.

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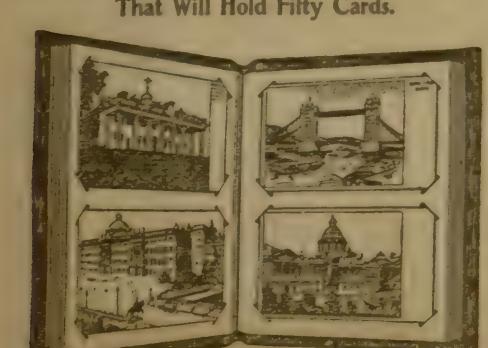
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Club Offer. For a club of only 2 years old, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album. Address COMFORT, Box 716, Augusta, Maine.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

may say he is pleased to meet the lady when he is introduced, but it is better to say something else which may be suggested by the circumstances. Rules of what to say are hard to follow, and usually are stiff and of no meaning. (2) If the lady does not object the man may take her arm.

Sewing Circle, Dennis, W. Va.—Don't have anything at all to do with a man like that. He's flirting with you, and lying besides. (2) Kisses signed in a letter are not as dangerous as those delivered in person. (3) Yes, the man ought to start right with the girl he goes with. Snub him if he does not.

Sunshine, Eaton, Ill.—If you and your beau are leaving your house about lunch time it is proper to eat before starting, unless he invites you to take lunch with him. Use your own taste about what to serve, and have it simple. (2) You may ask the young man to go walking on Sunday afternoon when he calls.

Sweet Sixteen, Brunswick, Neb.—Keep your engagement with the man you first made it with, unless there is good reason for breaking it.

Ethel Haines, New Creek, W. Va., asks that "Orphan Girl," who inquired in this column for a silk patchwork quilt write to her as she has one.

Blue Eyes, Mt. Carmel, Ill.—We don't answer any more questions about postage stamp significance on letters. There is only one place to put a stamp and one way, and that is, in the right hand upper corner of the envelope, right side up.

L. W. Carothers, O.—We are not an authority on the various cosmetics you mention. Generally speaking the cosmetics offered for sale, while they may not do all that is claimed for them, are at least not prepared to do harm if properly used.

Emerald, Westville, Fla.—It is quite proper when you are walking and meet a man you know to stop and talk with him, if you want to. (2) If you are engaged to the young man you may go to see him when he is sick. Otherwise it is enough to merely inquire about him, or send him something to cheer him.

O'erander, Caryville, Fla.—Don't let him stay later than 10:30. (2) You may accept small gifts, candy, flowers, books, from men to whom you are not engaged. (3) If the slight were very pronounced you may resent it by being very formal with the man hereafter. But don't make too much show of your feeling.

Gray-eyed Rose, Dalton, Mo.—It is not only improper, but dangerous, for a girl to write to an unknown man whose name she has found in a newspaper. How do you know that he isn't a convict, or a married man? (2) It is very polite of your escort to tell you when your dress has come unfastened. Why shouldn't he do so? Isn't it much better than to let you go around looking goodness-knows-how? Yet most young men haven't enough common sense to correct an accident of that kind. (3) The lady speaks first, unless they are well known to each other, and friends, then it makes no difference who speaks first. The object of the rule is to protect the lady against men she doesn't wish to recognize.

Brown Eyes, Waldoboro, Me.—There is no especial significance in a man squeezing a girl's hand. (2) Of age varies in the states, but as a rule a girl is not of age until she is twenty-one. (3) Nine to half past is not too late to ask the young man to come in who has taken you driving.

Subscriber, Topeka, Kans.—You may ask your beau to take you to places you want to go, but don't impose upon him. Let him do most of the asking. It is all right to tell him why, when you don't go to some place because you have no one to take you. It is quite proper to ask the caller to sit out on the lawn instead of in the house of pleasant evenings. They can sit out as late as ten, or later, if the people in the house are still up. It is not obligatory, but it is better for parents to meet their daughters' visitors. Just a brief talk is sufficient. The caller who doesn't like to see the girl's parents is not the right kind. Go with him to the front steps, and as far as the gate if you like him real well, and it is not late.

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Honey-dew and Sweetest, Agra, Okla.—He is flirting with both of you, and you should organize a combine, or Heart Trust, and put him out of business.

P. W. B., Winona, Miss.—Probably the one going away should write first, as the one at home is not supposed to know the exact date of arrival, what the proper address is and other particulars. As a rule the man should always write the first letter, but rules have exceptions.

Subscriber, Allentown, Pa.—Your father is right enough in saying that if you are to study music you must give up the beans. Still he will not, then the favored one will prove that he is the right sort by waiting for you if you want him to wait. If he is selfish enough to want you to lose your music and the advantages that it promises, we think you will do well to let the other girls have him.

Hazel Eyes, Parsonsburg, Md.—"Messrs." should not be prefixed to the name of a Society.

Ignoramus, Hollywood, Ky.—A present other than flowers at commencement time from a young man to a sweet girl graduate is inappropriate. Certainly you ought to know what to say to her in the accompanying note. What do you think she would think of you if she knew you were asking somebody else what to say to her at such a tender moment? And you are a Kentuckian!

Blue Eyes, Lynden, Wash.—Don't marry the wealthy man if you love the poor man. Don't marry the poor man if he is the kind that will always stay poor. Better be an old maid.

Babe, Colchester, N. D.—You can get at any drug store cosmetics for tan that are better and cheaper than you can make, but none of them is so good for the skin as to wait a little while and have the tan go away of itself.

Tan is a good sign and Summer girls like to have it. (2) In this free country of woman's rights

women are not often found working in the fields, but we suppose if your father is too poor to hire a man and he needs you to help him do his field work, you should do so. But don't keep it up year after year. You can do your full share of work in the house. Most women do even more than their share.

Blue Bell, Lisbon, N. D.—We suppose, if you are in deep mourning, you might wear all black at a wedding. Usually women in mourning don't go to weddings, unless they are very quiet home affairs. (2) Members of a choir may choose its own way of coming in. Ordinarily the members come in as they please.

Violet, Seligman, Ariz.—We suppose you might sit on the knee of your fiance, in the presence of your mother and sisters. You probably do when they are not around, so what's the harm? Engaged couples exercise a considerable latitude, and it is permissible.

Long Leg, Milwaukee, Wis.—Inasmuch as a kiss passed between you and the young man it makes no difference which did the kissing.

Rules of etiquette don't apply. To kiss him on the cheek was quite proper. But don't do it any more till you are really and truly engaged. Men are mighty unreliable about some things.

Irene, Noble, Ill.—You will outgrow your blushing, but don't quite ever forget how. A blush is very pretty and is always a good sign.

Don't let your sister's beau kiss you. One in the family ought to be enough for him.

A. D., Charleston, Wash.—Fifteen is five years too young to be engaged. Obey your parents and wait. If the young man really wants you he will wait for you.

Three Stars Locust, Decorah, Ia.—The man

may say he is pleased to meet the lady when he is introduced, but it is better to say something else which may be suggested by the circumstances. Rules of what to say are hard to follow, and usually are stiff and of no meaning.

(2) If the lady does not object the man may take her arm.

When this prayer ended, she laid her head down on the altar-railing, and sobbed like a child.

In the orange glow of a wintry sunset they came out and sat down on the steps, while a pair of spotless white pigeons perched on the blood-stain; and Mr. Murray put his arm around Edna, and drew her face to his bosom.

"Darling, do you remember that once, in the dark days of my reckless sinfulness, I asked you one night, in the library at Le Bocage, if you had no faith in me? And you repeated so vehemently, 'None, Mr. Murray!'"

"Oh, sir! do not think of it. Why recur to what is so painful and so long past? Forgive those words and forget them! Never was more implicit faith, more devoted affection, given to any human being than I give now to you, Mr. Murray; you, who are my first and my last and my only love."

She felt his arm tighten around her waist, as he bowed his face to hers.

"Forgive! Ah, my darling! do you recollect also that I told you then that the time would come when your dear lips would ask pardon for what they uttered that night, and that when that hour arrived I would take my revenge? My wife! my pure, noble, beautiful wife! give me my revenge, for I cry with the long-banished Roman:

"Oh! a kiss—long as my exile,
Sweet as my revenge!"

He put his hand under her chin, drew the lips to his, and kissed them repeatedly.

Down among the graves, in the brown grass and withered leaves, behind a tall shaft, around which coiled a carved marble serpent with hooded head—there, amid the dead, crouched a woman's figure, with a stony face, and eyes that glared with murderous hate at the sweet countenance of the happy bride. When St. Elmo tenderly kissed the pure lips of his wife, Agnes Powell smothered a savage cry, and Nemesis was satisfied as a wretched woman fell forward on the grass, sweeping her yellow hair over her eyes, to shut out the vision that maddened her.

Then and there, for the first time, as she sat enfolded by her husband's arm, Edna felt that she could thank him for the monument erected over her grandfather's grave.

The light faded slowly in the west, the pigeons ceased their fluttering about the belfry, and as he turned to quit the church, so dear to both, Mr. Murray stretched his hand toward the ivy-clad vault, and said solemnly:

"I throw all mournful years behind me; and, by the grace of God, our new lives, commencing this hallowed day, shall make noble amends for the wasted past. Loving each other, aiding each other, serving Christ, through whose atonement alone I have been saved from eternal ruin. To Thy merciful guidance, O Father! we commit our future."

Edna looked reverently up at his beaming countenance, whence the shadows of hate and scorn had long since passed; and, as his splendid, pure face all her love and confidence and happy hope, he drew her closer to his bosom, and laid his dark cheek on hers, saying fondly and proudly:

"My wife, my life. Oh! we will walk this world, Yoked in all exercise of noble end, And so through dark gates across the wild That no man knows. My hopes and thine are one.

Accomplish thou my manhood, and thyself, Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

(THE END.)

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Now that this famous story of "ST. ELMO" is brought to a new edition of COMFORT, many will be interested in the book form to pick up and read in order to refresh their memory. We only have a few copies left of the few thousand we secured to give away as premiums. It is an excellent 565-page, 37-chapter edition, printed on extra quality book paper from new, clear type, bound in cloth with a very attractive half-tan cover. Price 65 cents. Address ST. ELMO and Edna, with embossed title. This is a suitable presentation library edition worthy of any home.

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Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

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made it possible for you to enjoy, by giving you the book form to pick up and read in order to refresh your memory. We only have a few copies left of the few thousand we secured to give away as premiums. It is an excellent 565-page, 37-chapter edition, printed on extra quality book paper from new, clear type, bound in cloth with a very attractive half-tan cover. Price 65 cents. Address ST. ELMO and Edna, with embossed title. This is a suitable presentation library edition worthy of any home.

We make it urgently imperative to you that you should do this immediately, as there are no further copies available at this ridiculous rate, and you may as well take advantage of COMFORT, and get a copy while you may.

To the many thousands of COMFORT subscribers, who have already sent in their renewal or subscription to this magazine for a year and will thus receive the paper for the next year anyway, we suggest that you HAVE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXTENDED for an additional year, so as to keep this great book now, before the offer is withdrawn, for really EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO "COMFORT" should own at least one copy of "St. Elmo."

In no case can we offer the book form of "St. Elmo" alone, it is only by your sending in 65 cents for your renewal or extension of your subscription that we can furnish them at this rate, which makes the book stand you 80 cents, but this cannot be done by us for 60 cents each. You can get a new subscriber and send



new, but they will compel you to talk as you will not force yourself to do, without assistance. Carelessness has much to do with it.

Want-to-know, Scott City, Kans.—The hypnotist has no power over a will which opposes his own. Opposition kills hypnotism as far as the opposer is concerned. If the man at a distance hypnotizes you and gives you headaches it is because you are weak enough to yield to the influence. If you will not make the proper effort to resist you may expect to be influenced until you do.

L. L., Baltimore, Md.—Strichnia acts differently upon different systems. As doctors fail to do anything in this case, we call your attention to what we have said above to Mrs. F. H. H., South Bend, Ind.

Mrs. L. E. Piedmont, S. C.—Goiter is practically incurable and can only be properly treated by a physician in attendance. Possibly some reader of COMFORT may give a recipe which is of household use, and will afford some relief.

L. S., Fredericktown, O.—The eyes are too delicate to be treated by our facilities. You should see an oculist if possible. If not able to pay one, you might go to your nearest city and apply at one of the free hospitals where the treatment of the eyes is very often under direction of the most skilled experts. Can any COMFORT reader who knows of blind persons doing work that earns them money give any information to this patient?

S. Y., Ashburn, Mo.—In our opinion you are suffering from indigestion which has become chronic. If you will at once make an entire change of diet, eating only the simplest food, eggs, rice, brown bread, lean meat and not much of it, no potatoes, and only such other vegetables as digest very easily, no pastry, drink no coffee and plenty of water between meals. None at meals, and before each meal take half a teaspoonful of cooking soda in glass of hot water, you will soon begin to experience relief. There may be some trouble which does not appear from the symptoms you give, but from all we know you are suffering chiefly from bad digestion. Read up on physical culture and take the exercise it prescribes, including deep breathing every morning when you get up, standing before an open window.

L. L., Lone Tree, Iowa.—Don't sleep on your arm and you will not shut off the circulation and give it that dead feeling. Change your diet. Quit pork and potatoes, try eggs, beef, rice, other vegetables and milk, taken only in small mouthfuls and never by the gulp. Always stop eating before your appetite is quite satisfied. This sort of diet will improve your digestion and you will not feel so sleepy after meals. There is really nothing the matter with you and proper food will put you all right. Your regular diet of potatoes, pork, bread and water would kill a horse.

W. T. and M. T., Opelika, Ala.—Yours are not cases to be treated through the mails, or in any way except by the close attention of a physician. If your physicians can not help you, we certainly cannot.

W. J. M., Lancaster, S. C.—Better consult a barber. We know of no whisker grower that is reliable. We can say, however, that if the scar is a very large one you will hardly be able to grow whiskers sufficient to cover it, and the hair will never grow out of the scar if self. Barbers are the best authorities on whiskers.

Mother, Frostburg, Md.—Have you consulted a physician about the case of the little girl? If not do so. It is a simple weakness that she will outgrow, but just at present your care is required and you must follow the instructions of a physician. (2) Use lunar caustic on the warts. You can get a stick at any drugstore. Ask the druggist how to use it, and be sure not to get it on the skin about the wart. A few applications will remove them, if they are of the ordinary type.

S. W. S., Harveyville, Kans.—Don't try to remove the birthmarks. They are part of you and it is dangerous to tamper with them. Some specialists claim to be able to remove them, but they are very expensive and not always successful.

P. E. F., Clarksburg, W. Va.—Much depends upon what causes the cough. When a cough persists for four months it is something more than a "cold," and if your physicians cannot cure it, you should at once seek a different climate. The best climatic conditions are to be found in the cold dry air of Colorado, or the hot dry air of Arizona and New Mexico.

J. C. W., La Junta, Col.—We know nothing of your habits or what might cause the red veins in your skin. At a venture we may suggest that you eat very simple food, drink no alcoholic drinks, tea or coffee, and gently massage the skin night and morning, rubbing the veins so as to assist the circulation, that is towards the heart in which direction the veins of your blood moves.

Mrs. F. H. H., South Bend, Ind.—In view of the fact that the doctors, the sanitarium and the rheumatism medicine all seem to be unable to relieve you we suggest that you try Christian Science treatment. That may sound irregular and not orthodox, and the doctors and some others may laugh, but Christian Science has effected some remarkable cures and it may be just what you need. We are inclined to believe that it will do you good. At the same time we are not professors of that faith, and do not believe in all of its teachings. Part of your trouble is a species of hysteria—nerves, you know—and C. S. works admirably in many nervous troubles with women. At least, give it a trial. If you have no C. S. people in your town, try the osteopaths, who also effect cures where regular physicians fail. We belong to no school and believe most in that which does the most good to the patient.

J. L. C., Winamac, Ind.—It is pretty hard to guess, from this distance, what ails the baby, but our guess is that he is getting too much medicine. His stomach undoubtedly does not act as it should, but we do not believe the medicine is helping him much. Suppose you stop the medicine and give him injections of warm water to move his bowels. You will have to do this under a physician's direction. Possibly you have already tried it. As he grows older and stronger, he will undoubtedly improve in condition, but you will always have to watch his diet.

Nuisance, Parsonsburg, Md.—The "growling" you complain of is due to gases in the stomach and it is difficult to correct it. It is caused by poor digestion, and may be relieved somewhat by careful dieting. About as good a remedy as we know of is to take before each meal, a half-teaspoonful of cooking soda in two thirds of a glass of hot water, though cold will answer. This also, in smaller quantity, may be taken when the growing begins. It is an alkali which will instantly neutralize the acid in the stomach. Half a teaspoonful of essence of peppermint in a wineglass of water may also be taken at times to drive off the gas. These are harmless remedies and you may take them whenever you feel like it. Have you ever consulted a physician about it? A too tight corset impairs the indigestion and aggravates the trouble.

H. D., Gridley, Kans.—Stop taking medicine to build up your system and get your mind off of yourself. Associate with clean-minded people, find some good and cheerful girl for a sweetheart, marry her, and before you are five years older you will be as fit as a fiddle. There is nothing the matter with you that a little exercise of will won't cure.

L. R., Webster, S. D.—The massage cup is in our line. Doesn't it have directions how to use? We suppose massage cream should be used with it as in the other forms of massage. You must not expect too much from such applications. Sometimes they work wonders, but not always.

Sapphire, Atlanta, Ga.—Stuttering, or stammering, is a nervous disease and it is difficult to effect a radical cure, as it will almost invariably return in moments of excitement, or when weakened from illness, or other causes. Many stammerers, in fact almost as many as there are stammerers, have been tried, and about the only sure rule is to work out your own cure on lines of autosuggestion, as to say. The schools for stammerers frequently produce excellent results, and we advise that you attend one if you are able to do so. They may not tell you anything

new, but they will compel you to talk as you will not force yourself to do, without assistance. Carelessness has much to do with it.



Kitty's Bath Picture FREE.

This magnificent, litho, gold-scroll framed picture in colors, showing two wee tots just ready to give innocent little pussy a scrub, absolutely free with every three months' trial subscription to The Mother's Magazine at 10 cents. The Mother's Magazine is the handsomest large illustrated home and family magazine published—artistically illustrated, colored covers, and 48 pages of reading every month. The picture is 16x20 inches in size, is finished with a magnificent litho, facsimile gold and scroll frame, and is reproduced in many beautiful colors. It will add much to any parlor or sitting room. Children just love it. Ready for the wall when received. Send 10 cents to-day (stamps or silver) for the magazine for three months, and ask for picture number 187. Both will be sent you at once. Money back if you are not delighted.

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MEN WANTED everywhere to distribute circulars, adv. matter, task signs, etc. National Distributing Bureau, 214 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Uncle Charlie's Poems: Sure cure for the blues, Cloth bound 50c. Address Uncle Charlie, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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16 SOUVENIR POST CARDS 10c Beautifully colored Comics, Art, Scenery, Cat and Dogs & Agents. Offer of finest line of cards on market. W. J. Dickson Co., Dept. 12, Des Moines, Ia.

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SICK WOMEN CURED home with pain or discomfort of all female diseases, piles, etc., by the use of our wonderful vegetable remedy. To prove it we send FREE TRIAL TREATMENT to all who write. MATHIS & CO., Ladies Dept. 5, Gilmer, Texas.



Earn This Ring This handsome ring is a marvel at workmanship. Set with one large oblong ruby and two one-fourth karat imitation diamonds in a substantial manner so they will never be lost out. The ring is heavy and solidly made, and is similar in appearance to rings you would pay \$75 at any jewelry store. We guarantee this ring to wear for 3 years and will replace it with a new one if it does not. We give this ring free for selling only 4 of our beautiful fruit pictures at 25c each. Everybody buys. Send no money, just your name, and we send pictures. When sold send us the \$1 and ring is yours. W. E. Doan, 611 Ridge Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE SILVER SPOONS.

We can furnish our customers with half dozen warranted quadruple plated Silver Spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Regular price \$4 to \$5, our special sale price only \$1.00; by express prepaid 25c extra. Send for large cut price list of fishing tackle and sporting goods. THE VIM 68 LAKE ST. DEPT. F 31 CHICAGO.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 26th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

J. O. G., Concord, Tenn.—We do not know whether the song, or poem, "The Family Bible," has been copyrighted or published. Write to Copyright Division, Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., for information and also for information concerning the copyrighting of manuscripts.

Reader, Otto, Kans.—Manuscript sent by mail goes at the same rate as letters—two cents an ounce. Ask your Postmaster for a little free book which the government supplies to all post offices on the subject of mail.

Janie, Monford, Ky.—"Skidoo" is a slang word that a nice little girl should not use, and therefore we will not tell you what its definition is. Wait until you are twenty-three and you will learn. As for "Mizpah," you should have learned in Sunday-school what it means. Ask your Sunday-school teacher.

J. G. S., Evansville, Ind.—If you will go to the Public Library in your town—you have one, haven't you?—and look up the plants in the Encyclopædia you will find out, generally, what they are. If that is not enough, see any teacher in the public schools who teaches botany and you can get detailed information. It should not cost you anything except your time.

A. E. C., Flint, W. Va.—Write to Brentano, New York City. The usual price is \$1.50, but we believe it comes in cheaper form. Or write to John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.

N. V. P., Arkansas City, Ark.—Write to Thompson-Pitt Co., No. 947 Eighth Ave., New York City, also to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, O. It may be worth considerable, and it may not. We are not experts.

N. C. G., Odenville, Ala.—Such Art Schools are known only by their advertisements and you must look over advertising columns for them. Among art publications are The Craftsman, Art Amateur, Magazine of Art, New York City; Perry Magazine, Boston, Mass.; Fine Arts Journal, Chicago, Ill.

J. K. V., Clarksville, Mo.—See answer above to "N. C. G." for art magazines. For photography, The Photographic Times, The Camera and Dark Room, New York City. (2) If you will go to St. Louis, or Kansas City with samples of your pictures and show them to dealers, you may be able to make arrangements whereby they will sell your work on commission, if they will not buy outright. You can not do anything by mail.

R. D., Hollywood, Ky.—Write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, for information.

Mrs. S. S. W. Haven, Kans.—Write to Stamp and Coin Exchange, No. 212 Broadway, or to Stanley Gibbons, 167 Broadway, New York City.

S. A. B., Manhattan, Kans.—We do not find the poem in any of our collections and can give no information. Maybe the librarian of your school library might be able to tell you something about it. Have you asked?

A. B. C., Dothan, Ala.—If it is a genuine Stradivarius you can get a lot of money for it, but there are hundreds of old violins scattered about the country labeled all right, but spurious in other respects. Write to Lyon & Healy, Chicago, who are experts.

F. D. E., Golden City, Mo.—There may be some small French colonies in this country where the language is spoken correctly, but they are few and far between and we have not heard of them. In Louisiana you might find one and there are many people in New Orleans speaking French. N. O. is nearer being French than any city in the United States. In Canada, however, the French in some sections dominate. Write to the Mayor of New Orleans for information, or to Secretary of State, Baton Rouge, La.

J. W. K., Lockhart, Texas.—Write to Tiffany & Co., New York City.

Sunshine, Dannebrog, Neb.—The only place we know of to sell such fancy work is to supply it to your local merchants and let them sell it for you on commission.

S. A. M., Moorestown, Pa.—Unless you are especially qualified by nature for the duties of a trained nurse you can not be successful. The work is hard and trying. If you will talk to some physician on the subject he will tell you what the work is like, and also whether you are adapted to it.

R. D. C., Easley, S. C.—Before trying England you had better write to the Editor of The Numinist, Monroe, Mich., on the subject.

John Anes, Moss Point, Miss., wishes to say to "D. B. Jr., Polo, Ill." who asked in this column what the longest word in the English language is, that the longest word is "Smiles," because there is a mile between its first and last letter. This looks like a joke, but it is a fact.

Subscriber, Fayetteville, Texas—Unless you have the natural gift of drawing—the art faculty—you cannot learn illustrating in a thousand years. You have to be born with it. Ad-writing may be acquired by some people, but we think you are too far from headquarters to make much of a success at it. (2) Your local newsdealer can better inform you on the subject of sporting magazines and their prices. There are so many kinds of sports.

G. E. A., Stillwater, Minn.—The price is so small that it hardly pays for the trouble unless you can send in a car load. Write to G. B. Calman, 42 East 23rd Street, New York City.

A. N., Belvieu, Kans.—The coin which is now known as a "Nickel" was not in existence in 1888. You have either the date, or the metal, wrong.

L. M. F., Vinson, Ore.—The "execution of classic music on the guitar" cannot be taught by correspondence and don't you believe anybody who says it can. It might be "execution" after the style of capital punishment, but it wouldn't be music.

B. F. P., Hector, Ala.—The value of the relic depends entirely upon what some hunter would give for it. A dealer would probably offer you a couple of dollars, and he might sell it for twenty and he might lose money on it. Write to Lons Curiosity Co., 439 Fourth Ave., or Ye Old Curiosity Shop, 762 Lexington Ave., New York City. We should like to know what kind of an offer you get.

M. B. R., Houston, Tex.—The Chief of Police of Houston can give you more information on what you ask us about in five minutes than we could give you in five columns. Go ask him.

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"You alarm yourself needlessly, Warfield. I was in there not half an hour ago and he seemed as usual. I have promised—I mean I am going out—I cannot stay at home this evening." She spoke with averted face, remembering her promised rendezvous with Corcoran.

Recognizing the futility of further pleading he turned away heart sick and entered the nursery.

For hours, he knew not how long, the child lay in a lethargy, its breathing so faint at times he had to incline his ear to be assured its soul had not really passed. After a long time it stirred and faintly spoke the only word to which those baby lips had ever given utterance:

"Mamma."

"No, darling," said Gene softly, "it isn't mamma. You couldn't, I suppose, say 'dadda' just once, could you?"

In the blue eyes upraised there was a ray of intelligence and a tiny hand reached out and touched his face.

"Dadda," the little creature murmured.

A look of delight stole into the father's eyes and he cried breathlessly:

"Say it again, precious."

"Dadda," whispered the child. Then suddenly a change came. The little face quivered, darkened, and there was no more suffering—the baby was dead. So swift, so silent had been the passing at first Gene scarcely realized it, then the truth broke on him and with a heart-rending sigh he flung himself on his knees beside the little bed.

Dawn was breaking when Victoria stepped out of the elevator and walked down the landing. There was no song on her lips and she did not carelessly pass the nursery as was her wont.

Something in the intense stillness of the room impelled her and she softly pushed open the door.

As she caught sight of the group, Gene's kneeling figure and the tiny white face on the pillow beyond, the feelings she had stilled so long trembled into being. She had thought of the child only as a restraint upon her liberty, but now as she gazed upon the little one that would never trouble her more those hidden chords which lay beneath all the worldliness of her being thrilled as at the touch of an unseen hand. All the motherhood within her awoke and a low sobbing cry broke from her.

Hearing her Gene sprang to his feet. Her face with that strangely tender look upon it reminded him of the time so long ago when haunted by remorse he had come in out of the night shadows and she had comforted him. His voice broke into strangled sobs as he said pleadingly:

"Dear wife, let us forget all these cruel months of doubt and sorrow that have come between us and let our little one in death unite us as it never has in life." He held out his arms to her.

Gladly would Victoria have gone to him then and begged his forgiveness for the past but something came between them—all the womanhood within her cried out against it. She realized to the full the enormity of her sin and a horror unspeakable came upon her. Staggering away she hid her face in her hands.

He drew near to her his arms still held out pleadingly.

"Come, Victoria."

"Don't touch me, Gene—I am unworthy—unworthy—" She waved him off and went shuddering from the room.

* * * * *

Four weeks later Warfield was seated in his study writing. In carelessly pushing aside some papers he upset the ink bottle. The great crises in human lives depend more upon the little things than we quite realize. Even the fate of nations may be changed by a five minutes delay.

"Here is a mess," thought Warfield, "and no blotting paper. Perhaps there is some in Victoria's room. I will ask her."

She was not in the room when he entered and without thought of anything but the article he was in search of, he opened the drawer of her desk. A crumpled paper lay there as though she had been interrupted in its perusal and had hastily tucked it away.

As Warfield took it up almost before he was aware of what he was doing he read the words written there. It ran thus:

"DEAREST VICTORIA:

"I have had an accident today and am unable to meet you. I am suffering and I long for the comfort of your presence.

"Ever yours, CORCORAN."

For long minutes Gene stood stricken into dumb silence as the words which convinced him of his wife's guilt burned themselves into his brain, then hearing a gasp he turned and encountered the startled gaze of Victoria. All the roses had gone out of her cheeks and she looked suddenly old.

"It is true, then—all that this letter discloses," Gene finally said.

"You love this man?"

"Yes," she said, and the shame in her face was terrible to witness. "I love him. I don't attempt to explain it. I have loved him since the first hour we met. He dominates my body and soul—for him I sacrificed your tender love, I made our life a hell, I destroyed our child—it was my cruelty that killed it—all for the love of this man. Why do you stand there so silently? Speak—condemn, despise me—say that you loathe me—no amount of reproaches you can heap upon me can hurt half so much as my conscience has tortured me during these past weeks." She ceased and stood a statue of hard despair, asking no mercy.

"Victoria," Gene began slowly, and she listened in vain for any word of condemnation, "our union was a mistake from the very beginning. Our bodies were united but our souls were not—we were only one third married. It is true I loved you, but my love awoke too late, for you had already found your affinity. Had you come to me and told me you loved him I would have given you your freedom. It is not too late even now. It is criminal for us longer to remain together. It is a crime for any man and woman to remain together when the last little spark of love has flickered and gone out. The result of a loveless marriage is the propagation of human beings born without that greatest essential to all life—love. Love is the one thing in all the world that makes life worth the living. A union of mind and spirit means regeneration, immortality, life eternal." He ceased and stood looking at her pitifully. Amazement succeeded the despair on Victoria's face.

"I cannot understand you. I expected reproaches, anger, anything but this. One thing only do I realize clearly—you wish to be free of me. You cannot wish it more than I. This man has sworn to wed me if once I were free, but do you think he will do it if the world knows me for what I am—a lost woman? He is not so noble as you. Perhaps he will love me for a little while and then cast me off. His error will be glossed over and discreetly forgotten. It was ever thus—the woman pays.

That law is as eternal as the heavens. Warfield, you have in your hand the evidence that will brand me with the scarlet letter. I deserve no mercy at your hands. Publish that evidence and let my name become a byword in the mouths of men—a thing of scorn!" She stopped, looking at him with sad eyes.

He spoke gently, "Christ" said of old to the woman of Samaria: "Go and sin no more," and if it be any comfort to you I say the same today. I have no right to sit in judgment on you—I too have sinned. I will leave you and you may receive a divorce on the grounds of desertion. Let the world's blame fall upon me. Your name shall never be tarnished by any act of mine." The gasp was spluttering on the hearth and with a quick motion he thrust the letter into the deepest heart of the flame.

COMFORT

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE.

Send me your name and date of birth with a 2 cent stamp, and I will send you a horoscope of your life from the cradle to the grave, absolutely free of cost. I can tell you just what to do to become happy, and can so lay the future before you that you will bless the day you first wrote to me.

When you look around among your acquaintances and can see those who are successful both in family matters and in business and money affairs, who you know are no smarter than you are yourself, don't you often think, well

"That's their luck, but I have had bad luck" you say to yourself; now let me tell you something and there is no question about it, they are successful

because they have been advised by some competent astrologer. This you can put down as certain.



MRS. LUCILE AINSLEE

HIRAM GUNTHNER

Read what a few of my Patrons say:

I followed the advice you gave me, and everything has turned out grandly. Charley and I are now married, and in our happiness we pray that you may live long to continue your grand and noble calling.

NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

Your wonderful power is beyond my understanding. You not only told me about affairs that I thought no one knew anything about, but all you predicted has come true.

MRS. LUCILE AINSLEE.

I bless the day when I wrote to you—it was the turning point in my life—both in family and money matters.

HIRAM GUNTHNER.

Following your advice about becoming an actress, I am now on the road to fame and fortune. My last season was a complete success, and I made many happy hours. I offers from several managers, and just to ink when I first wrote to you I was only a poor country girl with no future. I owe it all to you, dear Professor, how can I ever pay you?

GRACE KARINTH.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, 1855.
COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD, 1855.
I do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copies of photographs and testimonials with the original photographs and testimonials and that the same are correct transcripts therefrom.

Let me say, my friends, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal.

J. D. TOOMEY, JR.,
Notary Public.

Remember I send you this horoscope absolutely FREE. Don't hesitate a moment, but write at once and I will prove to you just what I say. I have made thousands happy and prosperous and can do the same for you.

Simply send me your name and birth date with a 2 cent postage stamp, and I will do the rest. Shakespeare said: "The stars above us govern our conditions. Why should you doubt? Send at once and learn what the stars have to tell you."

Address PROF. LEO AMZI, Dept. 17, Bridgeport, Conn.

Struck by the nobility of the act a cry burst from her.

"You were always my superior, Gene. I think it was for that I was turned against you—no matter how hard I tried I could never drag you down to my level. I hated you for your superiority then, but I respect you for it now."

Gene took it within his grasp her little hand that bore his wedding ring, pressed it gently, removed the ring, then released it.

"You are free—my only wish is that you may be happy." Then he left her and went into the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings, the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Defeat and Realization." Send 15 cents for 16 months, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhœa, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

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Did you ever do somebody a kindness? Surely you have spoken kind words of recommendation for many people. And when they said: "Thank you," in return you were fully satisfied.

But we have not heard of a case where you get more than a "thank you" for your mere recommendation. You get an entire breakfast set for the freight charges on receipt just for recommending the goods of the famous Quaker Valley Manufacturing Company. A beautiful wild rose gold lace design breakfast set actually given to you just for a few words of recommendation. No canvassing, no taking of orders necessary to get this breakfast set. Nothing of the sort. We know that the offer means just what it says. Read all about it on page 14.

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ETON FIELD & CO., 102 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich

Elaine.

Words by
JAS. O'DEA.
Author of "Hiawatha," "Sammy," "Moonlight," etc.

CHORUS.
Slow and with much expression.

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Francis Day & Hunter, London Representatives.

FASCINATION.

W. C. POWELL

Tempo di Two-Step.

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Take me Back to Dixie.

Music by
W. C. POWELL.
Composer of "The Gondolier," "The Grenadier," etc.

CHORUS.
Andante.

Andante con espressione.

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SILVER HEELS.
MARCH TWO-STEP.

NEIL MORET.

Composer of "Hiawatha," "Moonlight,"
"Poppies" etc.

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In order to familiarize you with several very popular pieces of new music, we print this month parts of four successful numbers instead of only one full sheet as usual, and think you will all enjoy the change. A complete copy of any of the above songs may be had in full sheet music size with handsome illuminated cover design, for a club of but three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, also we can furnish in sheet music form such popular numbers as "Cheyenne," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Hiawatha," or "Happy Heine." One copy for three yearly 15c. subscribers or two sheets of music for only five yearly 15-cent subscriptions.

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Any of above in complete
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On this page we briefly describe over one hundred different premium articles, which for lack of space we are unable to illustrate, although our catalogue contains both illustration and complete descriptive matter regarding everything, and is free for the asking. You can profitably read over this classified advertising, select a list of the articles you would like to have, then go among your neighbors and show this splendid issue of COMFORT, explain the very reasonable subscription price of 15 cents, and that those who subscribe now will get sixteen monthly numbers. Before you realize it you will have secured a good-sized list of subscriptions, and as we offer presents for as few as two subscribers up to fourteen for larger gifts, you can make up quite a list of items and receive them free of any cost whatever, as a grand reward for the time you will devote. Many articles of wearing apparel, for personal use and for the home, are thus obtained without the use of your own money. As fast as you get your clubs of subscribers together, send them to us so that we can send COMFORT at once to each, and your premium when the full number of subscriptions are at hand. Ask upon a postal card for free catalogue, subscription blanks and copies of COMFORT, in order to begin canvassing with the proper outfit; the rest is easy. COMFORT is its own advertiser. You have but to exhibit a copy to secure a subscription. Write us for further information if there is anything more you wish to know about this employment we offer you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

In all cases where we state Premium is given for certain number of YEARLY subscribers, take notice that all subscriptions will run 16 instead of 12 months if ordered before Sept. 10th, which is the equivalent of giving a 33 1-3 per cent. discount, and is such an extra inducement you should always mention it to prospective subscribers.

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For only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Silver Aluminum Tray, handy for a hundred and one purposes.

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A Pair of Linen Baby Bibs, with an outline sketch for embroidery.

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An Aluminum Pocket Drinking Cup, collapses into a neat case for convenient pocket use.

Paperet Hat, fully described elsewhere in this issue.

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All good selections.

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A Victoria Stamping Outfit, consisting of seven sheets of patterns each sheet 17x21, with outfit and directions.

A Magic Fortune Teller; it tells your fortune and answers all sorts of questions with surprising accuracy. This will please you.

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A Set of Six Beaded Edge Teaspoons. One has use for large numbers of teaspoons and this is an unusual chance to get some free.

A handsome colored embossed Picture Frame for photographs. Size 7 1/2x9 1/4. Complete with glass.

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A Trumpetone, or Trumpet Harmonica, a loud and sweet-toned instrument. Professional players can appreciate this instrument.

Aluminum Articles in variety, either a Napkin Ring, Pocket Match Holder or a Child's Mug.

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A copy of our "Diamond Song Collection" of popular musical words and score complete.

A set of Silver Aluminum Salt and Pepper Shakers, for the Table; won't tarnish.

A Stamped Linen Tray Cloth, 18x24 with fringed edge; a popular premium.

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A Dancing Polar Teddy Bear for the children.

A beautiful cloth-bound story book, "English Ornaments," by Mary J. Holmes.

A "Quick and Easy" Egg Beater. The finest and best on the market.

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One of our Battenburg Oxfords of over 1000 square inches of all new neat designs.

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What COMFORT Offers You!

Two new stories begin in this issue and we propose to publish during the coming fall and winter months the most interesting and entertaining issues of COMFORT we have yet brought off our presses.

Having installed a new triple web perfecting color press of the latest design, we now have mechanical facilities to do a very high grade of printing, so that COMFORT will be presented to you with a clean, attractive appearance at the outset, not to mention the contents, the programme for which has been in the making for many months.

We are anxious to begin this early Autumn subscription campaign in order that we may obtain the greatest possible number of new subscriptions, also renewal orders, before January 1st, 1908. We start right in by giving you a bigger and better COMFORT instead of promising improvements, and a partial list of what is now commenced in this issue, or is to appear next month and in October, must be interesting reading for you and convince you of the superiority of COMFORT as the favorite and ideal home monthly magazine, now entering its twentieth year of usefulness.

Two New Stories this Month

From "St. Elmo" to "A Speckled Bird" is a continuation of the feast. The very popular success of "St. Elmo" convinces us that "A Speckled Bird," by the same author, Mrs. Augusta J. Evans, will become its rival among all our readers, and it is a source of pleasure to us to be enabled to offer this great serial, which will appear in generous monthly installments during the coming season. The opening chapters appear now, and we invite your attention to it, knowing you will be at once interested.

"Only a Girl; or, From Rags to Riches," By FRED THORPE, a delightful girls' story, opens with vim and vigor characteristic of the entire story, which is bound to absorb the reader from beginning to end. We have been indeed fortunate to obtain the privilege to publish such a splendid story, which appeals as readily to the older as well as to the younger generation. It is good for anyone to read such a story as "ONLY A GIRL."

Mary J. Holmes and Oliver Optic stories are in hand and the first installments will appear in early numbers of COMFORT. Our Mary J. Holmes' story will be one of the very best features of our magazine for the whole winter. No writer of popular fiction has produced in quantity, the valuable fiction stories written by MRS. HOLMES, who at an advanced age still enjoys the enormous royalties from her numberless copyright stories, which a generous and admiring public are always eager to read. This is one of her favorite stories and is destined to become immediately popular with our readers. Do not fail to be ready for the first installment.

"Charlie's Fortune," a very strong Optic story, commences soon, and while it is a young folks' story, it will entertain persons at any age. OLIVER OPTIC STORIES are not to be had in any and every publication; heretofore a prohibitive copyright royalty has kept these stories in the "book form" class and made it impossible to obtain serial privilege. OLIVER OPTIC, as the premier author of young folks' stories, needs no introduction to COMFORT readers; the name and story title warrants the quality, and you have but to read to be entertained. These are only a few of the many new stories COMFORT will give you during the coming year.

"JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY," and "THE SHADOW OF A CROSS," continue to appear in regular installments. In each instance there are some of the best features of the stories yet to appear and the closing chapters become all absorbing. A larger number of SHORT STORIES will be printed through the year, and our editors are now making selections from a great many treating on interesting subjects.

The Pretty Girls' Club

is a NEW FEATURE presented this month, and our thousands of feminine readers will derive mental as well as physical benefit from our Beauty Column to be conducted on the most approved scientific lines by KATHERINE BOOTH, an authority on how to be pretty, as well as skin, scalp and facial defects in general. The article is to be interestingly conducted to suit all girls from eight to eighty and must be of important value to all.

Uncle Charlie, Boys' Corner, etc.

In addition to above programme COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, IN AND AROUND THE HOME, SISTERS' CORNER, COUSIN MARION, ETIQUETTE EDITOR, HOME LAWYER, MUSIC, MANNERS AND LOOKS, FAMILY DOCTOR and the BOYS' CORNER, conducted by Uncle John, are each continued, and best of all, COMFORT'S big agency and premium reward plan is always available. The biggest and best premiums for the least number of subscriptions to the most popular home monthly published.

16 Months' Subscription 15 Cents

In order that you may continue reading our new stories and to induce new subscription for the coming season, to extend the field of COMFORT and further familiarize it among new families, we offer below an extra special subscription privilege, in addition to placing before you an unusual array of all new popular and practical premium gift articles which are free for small clubs of subscribers at our 15-cent rate and in order to have our expirations occur at the year end, we shall send COMFORT until December, 1908. In connection with club agency work we furnish catalogues, etc., free upon application.

A Word About Expiring Subscriptions

You will not want your subscription to cease now that we have begun all of these new stories and are to commence so many others right away; so if the number on the wrapper in which you receive this copy of COMFORT is 226 or less, you should renew at once, sending 15 cents for subscription to December, 1908, otherwise you will be without COMFORT. So if you accept now and renew you get 16 months' subscription for 15 cents.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.
For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT to expire in December, 1908.

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Giant Outfit of 50 Assorted Post Cards, all different.
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A Swedish Razor-Steel Knife with folding blade. Suitable for all kinds of rough and heavy work.

One Dozen Table Napkins, red or blue border with deep fringed edges.

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A Deerfoot Handle Hunting Knife, with a folding blade. This knife is suitable to dress game and fish. Is extra strong and durable.

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A Family Syringe, Bulb, three hard rubber connections and no metal to rust or corrode.

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Two Big Stamping Outfits. The Perfect has four big sheets of designs. The Princess has eight sheets and includes Shirt-Waists, etc.

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<b

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Opal. These Rings are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.

The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring Free for a club of only 7 subscribers at 15 cents each.



Emerald.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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NEW CHART of CHORDS for the PIANO.

A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher.

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To introduce this CHART in every home, we will send free with each chart the "GIANT ALBUM OF SONGS," containing 184 Songs, with words and music, including the great hits, "I Won't Be a Nun,"

and "The Mountain Maid's Invitation." Also old and new favorites, and war songs. To introduce this popular low-priced magazine into new homes, we will send it one year for only 15 cents; for a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send you one of the CHART of CHORDS and GIANT ALBUM Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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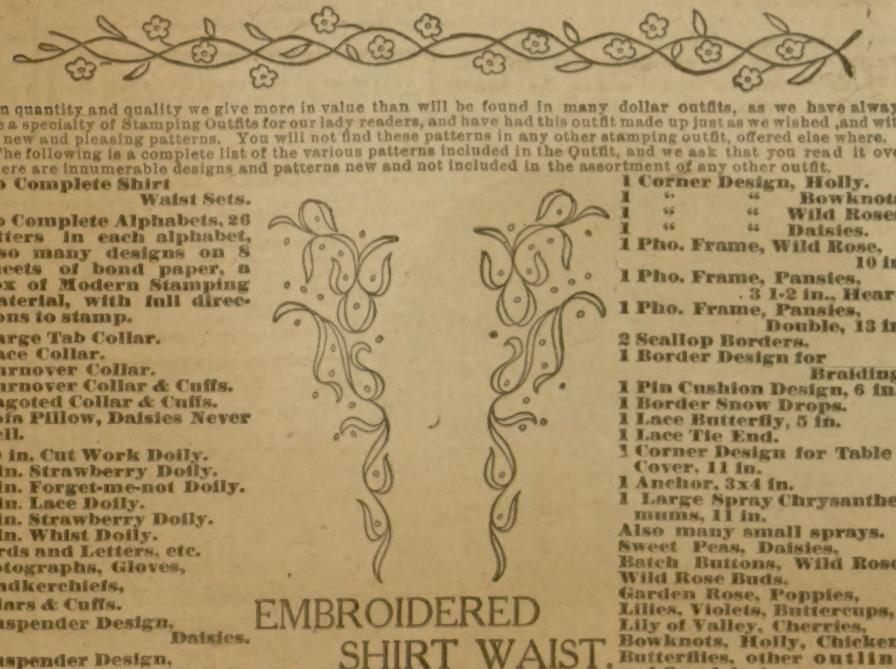
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Presenting a large assortment of perforated paper patterns for all new and staple fancy work, familiar to woman's needs. These patterns are stamped on a strong bond paper especially imported for the manufacture of this outfit, and will outwear any similar paper heretofore used, including full directions and package of stamping compound.



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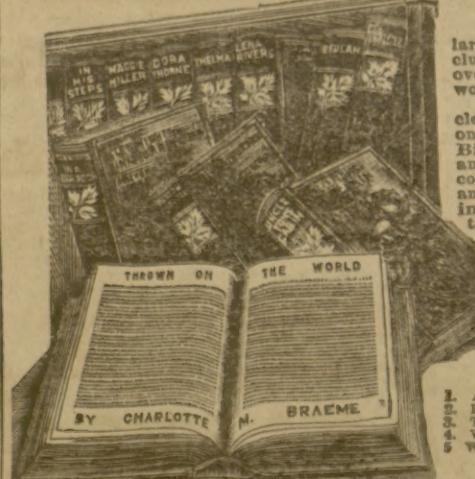


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